The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 5, 1923

DESTROYING A NATIONAL ASSET

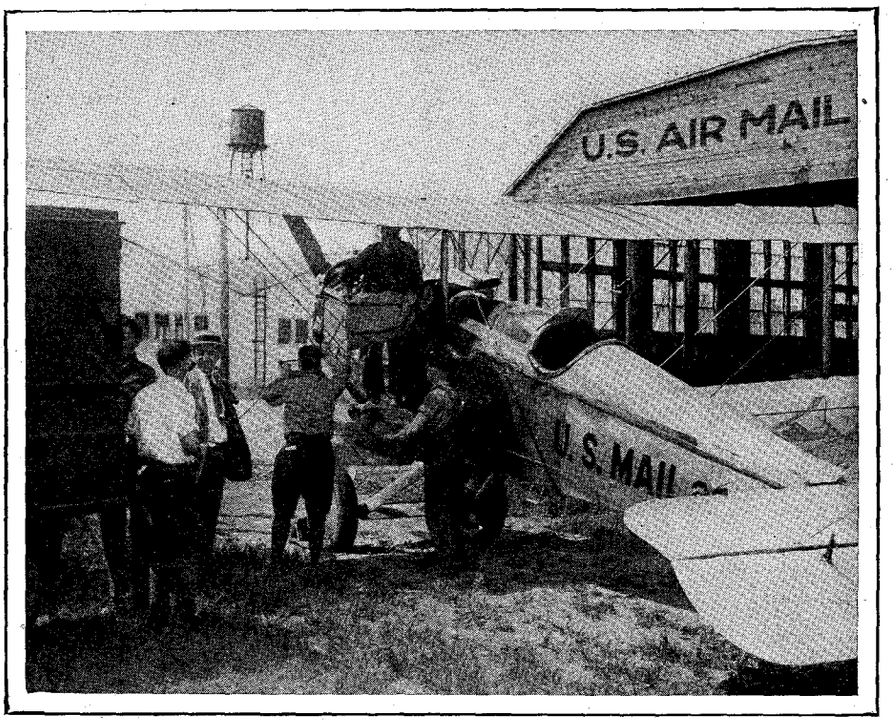
WHEN is conservation not conservation? The answer seems to be that it is not conservation when it attempts to make poor farms out of good fishing and hunting territory. Will H. Dilg, president of the Izaak Walton League, has apparently done a great service in bringing to the attention of the country the project to drain the upper Mississippi bottoms. In the "Izaak Walton League Monthly" Mr. Dilg writes:

> The upper Mississippi bottoms are America's most prolific spawning grounds for black bass and for all warm-water game and food fishes. From this section, during the low-water season, millions upon millions of baby bass are annually saved by the Bureau of Fisheries rescue crews from the thousands of landlocked ponds, lakes, sloughs, etc. And if this section were properly protected, billions upon billions of game and food fishes would be annually spawned in these bottoms. In truth, here mother nature has set down the greatest natural hatchery for game fishes in the whole world, and it runs without cost to the States along the river or to the National Government. If this region were made into a National Preserve, the Federal Government could annually supply billions of six-inch baby black bass to stock our lakes and streams everywhere, and Heaven knows all of them need twenty times more stocking than they are now getting.

The War Department, we believe, has already given consent to the drainage project, which would destroy the value of the territory from Lake Pepin, Minnesota, to Rock Island, Illinois, for purposes of recreation without an assurance that it would be suitable for farming purposes. An agricultural expert, Mr. A. L. Bakke, the plant physiologist of the Iowa Experiment Station, made a personal investigation of this region with Mr. Dilg, and states his opinion of this project in the following words:

> In view of the fact that the reclaiming of the Winneshiek Bottoms is economically unjustifiable, on account of the prohibitive cost, and at the same time will produce farm land of little value, subjected to overflows, and at the same time increase flood damages to sections below, will destroy the breeding-place of water fowl and fur-bearing animals and spawning grounds of fish, and erase forever the recreational features and natural beauty of this section, which we are now the mere custodians of and have no moral right to destroy or mar, it is therefore recommended and urged that the Winneshiek Bottoms be left as they now are and that the drainage project be abandoned.

Secretary Hoover, in a recent interview with Mr. Dilg, said to him that "until the people care and let their State Governments and the National Government know that they do care it is useless to attempt to get anywhere with pollution or any outdoor America legislation." The Nation, as well as the Middle West, ought to make itself heard when it comes to the question of destroying such a recreation territory as that along the upper Mississippi.



P. & A. Photos

THIS IS ONE OF THE PLANES WHICH TOOK PART IN THE TRANSCONTINENTAL MAIL CARRYING EXPERIMENT. IT IS SHOWN ABOUT TO TAKE OFF FROM GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND

COAST TO COAST AND NOON TO NOON

IN the establishment of a new coast-to-coast mail service the record for crossing the continent has been lowered by thirty-six minutes. The record which was broken was made in a non-stop flight. The new record was made by a relay of pilots. The new flight is the forerunner of a regular mail schedule by which letters may be delivered within thirty hours of their being posted a continent away from their destination.

Preparations for this service have been making for more than a year. The plains country along the selected route is dotted with air-mail lights. At each of five fields—Chicago, Iowa City, Omaha, North Platte, and Cheyenne—two 600,000,000-candle-power arc lights have been installed. At each station one of these leviathan lights is used for flood lighting and the other as a beacon. At twenty-five-mile intervals all the way from Chicago to Cheyenne emergency landing-fields are illuminated with beacons and "outlining lights." At intervals of three miles all along the route, smaller beacons are flashing. The planes themselves—specially designed slow-landing planes—have been provided with emergency lights. All flying-fields along the route have been improved. Pilots have undergone long training in night flying.

The value of such a service to business, to the press, to the Government itself, cannot be calculated. When telegrams were first delivered on the Pacific coast in eight days from the

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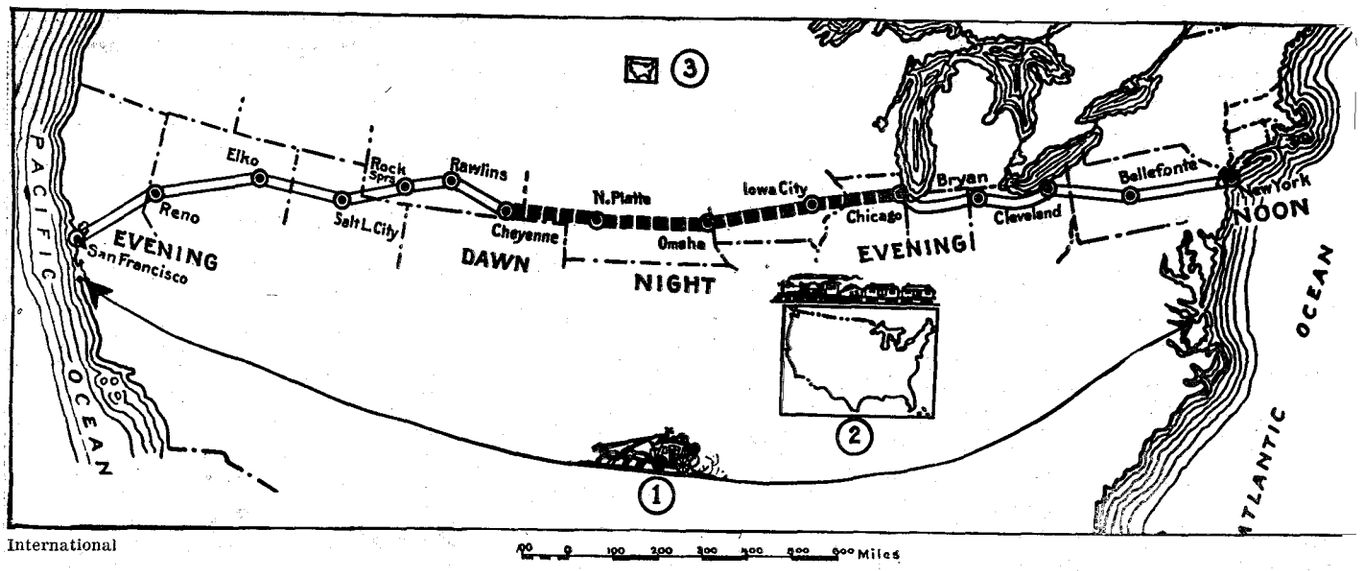

AIR MAIL NIGHT FLYING SCHEDULE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO. THE DOUBLE LINES INDICATE DAYLIGHT, THE BROKEN HEAVY BLACK LINE DARKNESS, IN THE AIRPLANE JOURNEY EAST TO WEST

The large map (1) illustrates the size of the United States during the period of the stage-coach. Diagram 2 shows the size of the nation as reduced by railway transportation. Diagram 3 shows the size of the nation as shrunk by airplane. Prepared by Division of Topography, Post Office Department

Mississippi, people by the thousands turned out to welcome the Pony Express that carried them, as the article in a recent issue of The Outlook recounted. That was within the lifetime of living men. Now letters can go over the same space in less than a day.

THE ECLIPSE NEXT WEEK TO BE OBSERVED FROM AIRPLANES

ECLIPSES of the sun have been studied, more or less scientifically, ever since man began to be curious concerning the facts of his environment. Yet at the end of so many centuries they have many secrets unrevealed. Opportunities for studying them, after all, have not been great. The shadow of a solar eclipse is, usually, not large. The portion of the earth where it falls is frequently inaccessible to the centers of astronomical investigation. Astronomers gather, to be sure, in the region where an eclipse is visible, but their journeys are likely to be for naught. For a few minutes a wisp of cloud blows across the sky. The trained eye, the scientific instrument, are useless. The eclipse comes and goes beyond their reach; science is baffled by a bit of haze.

Thus it has been through the ages. Now comes to the aid of astronomers a new branch of science—aeronautics—and eclipses henceforth will be observed from above the clouds. Such observations will be made for the first time of the eclipse which will be visible in southern California on September 10. Many fliers, co-operating with experts of the Naval Observatory at Washington, will defy the clouds.

Even if the weather should be clear, observation from airplanes will be of large importance. No satisfactory photographs have yet been made of the shadow cast upon the earth by an eclipse of the sun. This time pictures will be made from airplanes of both the northern and southern edges of the shadow and will constitute a means of checking the calculations of scientists observing on the ground with telescopes.

Another more interesting and probably more important object inspires the observers from the air. A shadow falls on the earth preceding an eclipse of the sun. It is not the shadow cast by the moon coming between the earth and the sun. It has no connection, apparently, with this deep shadow of the eclipse proper. No man knows the cause of the preliminary shadow. By means of aerial photographs, the scientists hope to discover something of its nature.

After all, the oldest of the sciences is still in its infancy. Our knowledge of the heavens, wonderful as it may be, is a fragment compared with what remains to be learned. Its progress is always a matter of intense interest. Some extreme utilitarians object to the expenditure of public money for astronomical observations, on the ground that astronomy is of no practical value. Yet the fact remains that but for astronomy no ship could cross the ocean. The very watch that we consult a score of times a day is a product of astronomy. And, conceivably, the hoped-for clue to the nature of the mysterious shadow preceding the eclipse may mean a discovery of the greatest practical utility.

AGAIN the United States is to try its fortune with huge ships of the air. One has just been completed at Lakehurst, New Jersey,—another is to come for us from Germany.

HOWARD MINGOS

tells the story of these ships in a forthcoming issue of The Outlook.

THE COAL CONTROVERSY

ON another page we speak editorially of the situation in the anthracite controversy as it stood at the time of the remarkably cogent address by Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, to representatives of miners and operators at Philadelphia and the assembling in New York of Governors of hard-coal consuming States or their representatives to take measures to protect the users of anthracite.

Unless the efforts of Governor Pin-

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EXPEDIENT MANAGE MUST BE MADE

(Richard II. Act I. Scene 4)

Bushnell for the Central Press Association

HIS FIRST BIG TEST

Reid for the Bell Syndicate, Inc.

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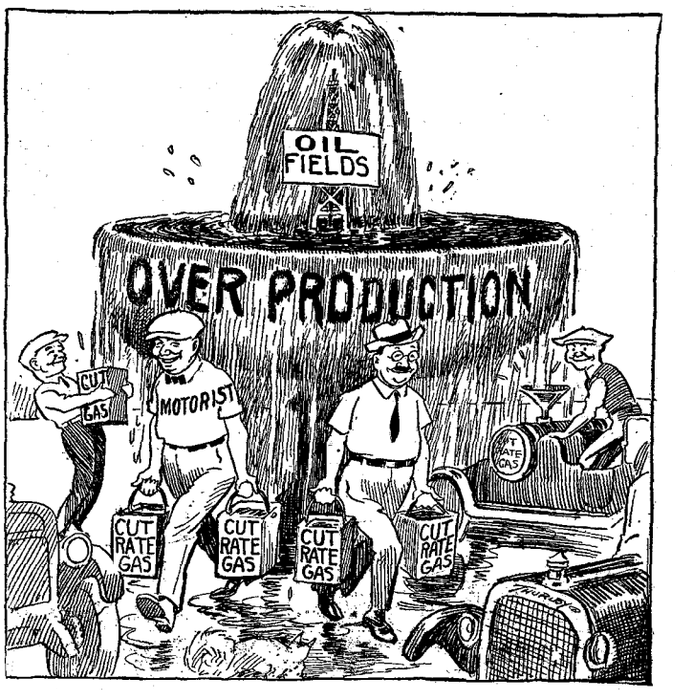
HEADING HIM OFF

Thurlby in the Seattle Times



MORE SMILES PER GALLON

From Mrs. L. B. Moffett. Seattle, Wash.

Hungerford in the Pittsburgh Sun

DRAIN IT BEFORE YOU SHOVEL IN AND MAYBE I CAN KEEP THINGS CLEANER OVER HERE OLD MAN!
EUROPE
IMMIGRATION
ELLIS ISLAND
HUNGERFORD

ONE REMEDY FOR THAT CLOGGED-UP CONDITION

From F. Cowan, North Braddock, Pa.

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chot to force a settlement shall have proved quickly successful, on Labor Day the threatened strike of over 150,000 hard-coal miners will have become a fact. Not even arrangements for keeping the mines from flooding have been made as we write; each side claimed that the other ought to make advances to that end—a typical example of the futile skirmishing that has been going on. Leaders of the miners have intimated that if the operators would accept the "general principle" of an advance in wages an agreement might be reached. If so, probably the consumer will have to pay the cost in the price he pays.

It is known that forty-five per cent of the 90,000,000 tons of hard coal used annually is now available. The miners are said to have about $5,000,000 in their National and local union treasuries and to expect to be able to assess their workers $3,000,000 a month if necessary. These figures, especially as following a strike year, do not point to great poverty among miners at present wages. They do suggest, however, the desirability of compelling miners to incorporate, so that, as with other business concerns, their funds may be liable for organized violation of law and other responsibilities.

The reports of the Federal Coal Commission have provided ample and excellent material for arbitrators or Government use, if action by the President or enabling legislation by Congress is needed. In any event, the next Congress will hardly be allowed to side-step the coal question by stifling bills without adequate hearing.

A FIGHTING PEACEMAKER

As he sat at the head of a long table, ready to listen to questions pertinent and impertinent, the press correspondents at the Armament Conference in Washington met a master diplomatist. Admiral Baron Kato never let those correspondents know what he thought should be kept secret, but he disarmed the antagonistic and earned the respect of the friendly in spite of his reticence. The whole cast of his face, the expression in his eyes, gave plain warning to those who might have anything to do with him that he was wise and shrewd and might possibly be subtle and crafty; but at the same time there could be no mistaking his imperturbable humor and good nature. He was dignified without being grave; he was quizzical without the least loss of dignity; there

(C) Harris & Ewing

TOMOSABURO KATO

was something about him of astute benignity that reminded one of a certain type of priest. Perhaps this quality was accentuated by his physiognomy that suggested something of the ascetic.

His death in Japan on August 24 ends a life of patriotic service to his country and lasting benefit to the world. Son of a Samurai, and thus coming from that class in which the privileged fighters were identified with the gentry of Japan, he yet became distinguished for his services in the cause of both peace and democracy. By temperament and habit reserved and undemonstrative, he yet did as much as any man, perhaps more than any other, to promote relations of candor and good understanding between his country and America. Shrewd and diplomatic, he yet was destined to be Japan's agent in proving to this country Japan's good faith.

Born sixty-four years ago, the youngest son of a large family of small means, Tomosaburo Kato began his naval career at twelve years of age. Successively midshipman, captain, professor at the Navy Academy, construction supervisor in the Navy Department, and Chief of Staff of a standing squadron, he became internationally famous in his daring and effective attack upon the Russian fleet in the decisive naval battle of the Russo-Japanese War. In the Worl War he commanded the Japanese flee that attacked the Germans at Tsing tau.

With this record as a fighter h came to the Washington Conferenc and, under circumstances of great di ficulty, thousands of miles from hom in an atmosphere charged with suspi cion if not hostility, he conducted th negotiations on behalf of Japan i such a manner as to bring honor t his country and himself. He lived t see the treaties which he had nego tiated in force.

Returning home, he found it neces sary to defend his course before hi own countrymen, and this he did s effectively that he became Prime Min ister.

Traditionally the army and nav of Japan have been virtually inde pendent of the civil Government, an in the civil Government itself ther has not been what is elsewhere know as party responsibility. This Admira and Baron, so far from increasing th militarism and the aristocracy of hi Government, made his influence fel for the subordination of the military to the civil power and for the develop ment of responsible party government.

A great fighter, a great diplomatist, a great leader in popular self-government, Admiral Baron Tomosaburo Kato should be held in high esteem in this country, as he is sure to be in his own.

LORD BIRKENHEAD AND PRESIDENT WILSON

In his speech at Williamstown, which concluded the sessions of the Institute of Politics, Lord Birkenhead, former Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, was, it seems to us, well within his rights and well within the bounds of personal and international courtesy in criticising a former President of the United States. The words which occasioned adverse comment, some of it lacking in the courteous terms which Lord Birkenhead's own statements employed, are contained in a passage which began as follows:

> President Wilson, indeed, came with a noble message of hope, but, unhappily, in the sequel, hope proved to be his principal equipment. It is a fascinating speculation whether, had he been given health and strength to pursue the campaign which he contemplated, his idealism and personality could have affected the forces of the world.
>
> I am bold enough, even at the moment when I pay the highest tribute

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to his unselfish and courageous motives, to doubt it. For the real truth is that, while the whole world requires the encouragement and the light of idealism, the whole world would probably not survive if idealism were given a completely free rein.

After considering the doctrine of lf-interest according to Jeremy entham, he continued:

No nation in democratic conditions will ever become the knight errant of the world. The governors of each nation are the trustees of the whole people; and, unhappily, they are removable trustees. They must always keep peace with the beneficiaries of the trust, because the beneficiaries in this particular matter can at any moment discharge them from their offices. And therefore it seems to me that, while the name of President Wilson must always be revered by those who render homage to purposes almost superhuman, pursued with a zeal almost as superhuman, yet it must none the less be recognized that his judgment of his own countrymen was wrong, and that by the error of that judgment he became, paradoxically enough, the agent of all those post-war developments from which his altruistic mind would most especially have recoiled.

Some of President Wilson's friends i this country and some of his most ident admirers in Great Britain have esented these remarks. Mr. Wilson imself, however, must realize that his cts as a public man were subject to riticism and analysis. However uch we may in this country resent hat Lowell described as "a certain ondescension in foreigners," we cannot hold ourselves or our Government, r even our Presidents, immune from ven severe comment by people of ther lands, whether they speak on ieir own soil or ours, provided there s no ascription of evil motives or unust and willful distortion of facts. ertainly in this case Lord Birkenead made every effort to keep his omment within proper bounds, and it eems to us that he succeeded in doing o.

N INTERNATIONAL SUIT AT LAW

FOR the first time one nation has been summoned into court by another and subjected to the decision of n international court.

The case is that of the S.S. Wimbleon, chartered by a French company o carry a cargo of munitions through he Kiel Canal to Poland via Dantsic. erman officials, acting under regulaions concerning neutrality, declined o permit the passage of the steamship

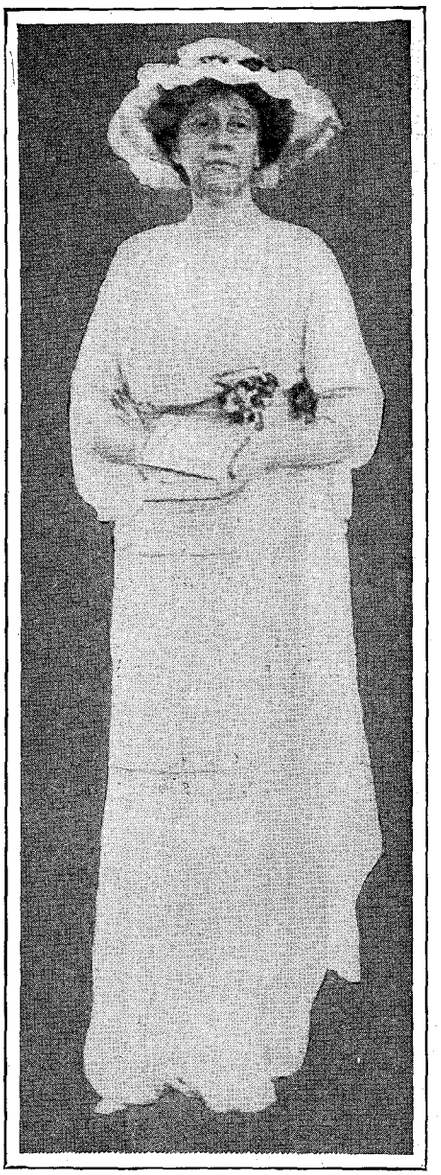

Photo by Cornelia Burbank
KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

through the Canal. The plaintiff in the case declared that Germany was required to allow the passage by a provision in the Versailles Treaty. The Court decided the case against Germany, declaring that the neutrality of Germany is subject to the restrictions of the treaty which Germany had signed. Germany's claim that such restrictions on her neutrality were a denial of her sovereignty was answered by the Court when it said, in effect, that the Kiel Canal had been permanently dedicated to the use of the world while Germany remained at peace, and that the restrictions, having been accepted by Germany in the exercise of her sovereign rights, are not incompatible with her sovereignty. Precedents were cited in the use of the Panama Canal.

Ordinarily in international cases before tribunals the procedure has been one of arbitration, by which conflicting claims have been compromised. This case is essentially different in that the decision was not a compromise but a judgment according to law and precedent. The Wimbledon case will remain historic as marking a new stage in the development of international relations under the public law of nations.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

WITH the single exception of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" probably no story of Christmas-time has been in this country so widely accepted as the embodiment of the holiday spirit of mirthfulness and good will to men as "The Birds' Christmas Carol." It has been read by almost everybody, old and young, and innumerable bands of amateur actors in schools and churches have enacted its scenes. It is full of contagious fun, and it also has the just measure of pathos that makes it Christmas-like. Now that the news comes of Mrs. Riggs's death in England, it is recalled to mind that this, her first success, was written neither for fame nor for financial reward, but to help by its proceeds the first free kindergarten on the Pacific coast, established largely through the efforts of the author and her sister, Nora Archibald Smith, whose name is known to our readers as that of a writer of notable verse and equally interested with Mrs. Riggs in educational work.

Next best known to her delightful "Birds' Carol" book are probably Mrs. Riggs's "Rebecca" stories.

The success that "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" had on the stage and in the moving pictures was probably a surprise to the author.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is as good a girls' book as has been written since Miss Alcott's "Little Women." Both were well received on the stage because both authors had a sense of humor, understood children, and knew how to be sprightly without being foolish.

These two stories perhaps will outlive most or all of the writer's other books, the list of which is long. Next to them in readable qualities may be put "A Cathedral Courtship" and "Timothy's Quest."

Mrs. Riggs naturally always used for literary purposes her early signature, Kate Douglas Wiggin; her first husband, a California lawyer, died in 1889; her surviving husband is Mr. George C. Riggs, of New York. Her circle of friends was large here and

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abroad, and the book which she had completed before she was taken ill this summer in England should from its title, "My Garden of Memories," prove agreeable reading.

Kate Douglas Wiggin was delightful as a reader aloud of her own stories. Her personality was buoyant, spirited, and graceful. She was a woman of many accomplishments and, above all, a true lover of human nature.

THE FRENCH REPLY, BUSINESS—OR JUSTICE

IT is easy to believe that between friends we should be neutral. When, however, one friend seems forgetful of some obligations and is following a course that will bring trouble and promote injustice, neutrality is out of place. Both France and Britain are friends of America. In their quarrel the Government of this country has not been directly involved; but as a people we are very much concerned in it nevertheless. Both self-interest and a decent regard for the welfare of our companions in arms should lead us Americans to keep ourselves informed as to what the quarrel is about and to use such influence as we have on the side that is seeking justice.

Underneath all argument about milliards of marks and A and B and C bonds and the documentary basis for considering the occupation of the Ruhr legal or illegal there is between the French and British Governments a difference in point of view.

The British Government seems to think that the war is over, that the issue is settled, that all has been got out of it that can be, that there is a mess that needs cleaning up, that there are debts to be paid, that friends and enemies alike need to get back upon their feet, and that the most important thing to do is to make a rough estimate of debts all around, charge off bad debts to profit and loss, and begin again to do business on the old basis.

The French Government seems to think that the war has not really yet been won, that the issue has not been settled; that the aggressors who were beaten on the field of battle are nearly succeeding in getting the victory over the bargain counter; that there will be no safety for any one, and least of all for France, if those who ran wild over Belgium and northern France like drunken madmen, killing, torturing, destroying, can emerge from all the negotiations stronger than their rivals, freer from debt and the penalties of war as they are freer from its material scars; and that the one thing essential is not a business settlement, as if the whole affair had been a commercial transaction, but the establishment of a precedent and a principle that will serve as a warning to aggressors in the future and as a vindication of those nations that preferred to risk annihilation rather than to let fear dictate a craven submission.

It is these two different points of view that explain the divergence between Britain and France in their approach to Germany. If Britain's point of view is right, then all of France's logic, all her pleas for justice, all her assertions of right, are futile. If the French point of view is right, then all of Britain's array of economic statistics, all her reproaches to France for the settlement business, all her arguments that the French course is costing more than it will ever produce, are simply the arguments of an Esau defending himself for selling his birthright for a mess of pottage.

Since The Outlook went to press last week the French note in reply to the British, which was then simply outlined in semi-official forecasts, has appeared in full in the New York "Times" of August 23. Together with the covering letter from the French Prime Minister it occupies nearly fourteen newspaper columns. It is obviously impossible to give even a brief summary of it that is at all adequate in any limited space. We wish we could believe there was a large number of Americans who would take the pains to read that note through. Any American who does not share the opinion of Congressman Berger and the "New Republic," that it was a great mistake for us to have been in the war, anyway, can by reading that note at least understand the French conditions, and almost any American who believes in what America as well as France was fighting for will, we are sure, agree with the substance of that note—if he reads it.

Certain points in that note are worth citing, not because they are the strongest points, but because they help to indicate the difference between the British and the French point of view—between the point of view of the British, who look at the whole matter as a commercial transaction, and that of the French, who look at it as an issue of justice.

In the first place, Britain looks upon the occupation of the Ruhr and up the economic hardships from which countries are suffering, and argu that France is holding back world r covery. And France replies that, ev though the improvement in econom conditions since the occupation beg be disregarded, "France is in no w responsible for the economic crisis. is German resistance which prolon an unfortunate situation; everythir which encourages the German resi tance contributes to this continuanc and everything which does not di courage this resistance encourages it Britain thus looks at the pounds an shillings and pence in the till; Fran looks at the defaulter and wants th defalcation punished and made good.

In the second place, Britain offe as an argument to France her willin ness to reduce alike her claims upo her allies for the payment of thei debts and upon Germany for the pay ment of reparations. And France r plies by asking, "Is it possible . . . t confound sums which the Allies spen in order to win the war and thos which Germany owes for having rav ished our territories? Every poun sterling, every dollar which Franc owes England or the United State represents Allied blood which has bee spared. Gold marks of Germany rep resent Allied blood which has bee spilled."

In the third place, Britain deplore any action which seems to retard th wheels of commerce even in the inter est of treaty rights. France replie by saying that she "does not believ that the economic restoration o Europe is possible except by observa tion of the treaties and by adherenc to justice."

In the fourth place, Britain speak of her own unemployment as her shar in the devastation, and on that accoun urges acquiescence in Germany's eva sion of payments and avoidance of th fulfillment of her obligation. Franc replies that British unemployment reached its greatest point of intensity long before the occupation of th Ruhr, and that the French insistence upon the execution of the Treaty i not merely for the sake of getting reparations, but for the sake of en forcing scrupulous respect for the given word and through fear of a dan gerous precedent which would be created by the violation of the Treaty on which the foundations of Europe now rest.

There are other points in the French note which are of themselves of equal importance with these. For

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(C) Keystone

LEFT TO RIGHT: JOHN L. LEWIS, INTERNATIONAL PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA; JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, CHAIRMAN OF THE FEDERAL COAL COMMISSION; THOMAS R. MARSHALL, MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL COAL COMMISSION, AND FORMER VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

example, in reply to Britain's tardy conclusion that the occupation of the Ruhr is illegal under the Treaty, France points out that Britain herself had already sanctioned that occupation as a legal measure by joining with her allies in threatening Germany with it. The British rejoinder that those threats were really threats of a new war are not very convincing, particularly in view of the fact that the British never considered the German arguments on the illegality of occupying new territory worth answering and in view of the fact that the British, citing the German violations of the Treaty in justification, joined with the Allies in occupying territory beyond the bridgeheads. Other points, however, we do not intend to discuss here, for they are aside from the fundamental question at issue between France and Great Britain.

Even if Britain were right from her point of view in believing that the French course was economically hurtful (and even from her own point of view we believe she is wrong), there can be no doubt on which side America will stand ultimately in an issue between business and justice.

NE'ER AN A WITH NARY

"NARY A Word," said the caption of a cartoon which The Outlook recently reproduced, presenting President Coolidge as a sphinx. It was a good cartoon. The caption, based on a good idea, was bad in that it was inaccurately clever at the expense of a supposed barbarism in our common speech. Those to whose tongues "nary" comes naturally never use it with an added "a." They speak an antique English with a simplicity which permits of no redundancy. The educated misunderstanding of the word written "nary" is demonstration of how little the average American—and, for that matter, the average Englishman as well—knows of the nature of his language, growing and dying at the same time, as Blackmore says of the soul.

This word, adopted by the smart as a linguistic symbol of the unlettered rustic, is perfectly good English. It is old, to be sure—so old that it is no longer for rough-and-tumble use, but for gentle keeping along with old furniture and older violins. Said the bearded and belted gamester who had dropped the cards in the taproom slop, "Innkeeper, have you ne'er a boy to run for a pack of cards quickly?" So speak to-day some thousands of persons in this country. Mostly they are moored in sequestered coves where the tide of change runs weak. Their speech has in it much of centuries gone—words out of style, but not barbarous. Properly understood, there is in it something of an Addisonian purity.

"Never a word." To be rid of the unlovely "v," an abbreviation—"Ne'er a word." A slight difference in the "double e" sound—"Nary word." Thus runs the genealogy of that caption. Thus would it be spoken. Never would it be spoken, "Nary a word." The "a" is included in what sounds like "nary."

PATIENCE AND THE PUBLIC

AN outstanding feature of the coal strike of last year was the patience shown by the consumers of hard coal. There was grumbling of course, and there was protest against the inconvenience, and in some cases actual hardship, experienced. But on the whole the public was patient. That it should be asked to be patient again under a repetition of last year's disregard of its interests and comfort is almost incredible.

Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, in his first talk with representatives of the miners and the operators following his conference with President Coolidge, laid stress on this very point. His address bristles with positive, plain-spoken assertions that the patience of the public cannot and must not be imposed upon once more. Thus he says: "The anthracite-using people of the United States are losing patience," and follows this with the positive declaration:

> The public interest demands that this controversy shall be settled, and that a suspension of mining shall be avoided. The thing is possible—and it must be done.
>
> Settlement means that neither side can get everything it would like to have. Few people ever do in the world we live in, but the settlement

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of this dispute is absolutely necessary for the public safety and welfare. The public needs and must have coal.

There is such a thing as moral force as well as physical force and legal force. The moral pressure of such a talk as Governor Pinchot gave to the coal men may well stir these rather leisurely controversialists into the conviction that action must be taken now that, as Mr. Pinchot said, the eleventh hour is upon us and the crisis has been reached. "It can be done and must be done."

As we write, the Governor of Pennsylvania is engaged in separate conferences with chosen representatives of the miners and the operators. At the same time Governors of the other hard-coal consuming States or their representatives are in conference in New York to provide for the interests of coal consumers if the strike comes into existence; they will take measures to insure the proper distribution of coal and to make it easy for consumers to obtain substitutes, such as bituminous coal—and it is certainly to be hoped will provide also that in case of a strike this year soft coal may not be sold (as it was last year) at the absurd price of $12 a ton and upward.

Thus for the first time in the negotiations for peace in this coal problem the note of positiveness and preparedness has been sounded. If the combatants refuse to recognize this pressure of public opinion, now become immensely stronger than it has ever been before, it will follow naturally and apparently inevitably that Congress (perhaps called together in special session for this purpose) and President Coolidge will provide such laws and such administration of those laws as will prevent miners and operators from sacrificing to their opposed demands the comfort and safety of the coal-using public.

There are certain things as to which the public cannot form conclusions and ought not to be called upon to form conclusions. Whether, for instance, the miners are right or not in their contention that they received an increase in wages later than men in other industries and that their wages even now are not on a level with other industries of like skill and danger, is not a question for the average newspaper reader to determine. Such problems require close study of intricate facts and figures. They ought to be decided by a non-partisan board of experts acting for the public as well as for the miners and operators. When President Roosevelt in 1903 appointed such a board, both sides knew that they would get fair treatment, and so they accepted arbitration. We have no doubt that President Coolidge could any day name so fair and capable a board that both sides should be willing to accede to its decisions. At present the operators have a certain moral advantage in that they declare themselves willing to arbitrate, while the miners insist that they were ill treated in the arbitration of 1920 and that the system which has existed for twenty years of settling questions by bargaining as between miners and operators ought to be continued. That again is precisely such a question as cannot be determined by individual members of the public.

Naturally, every one asks, If arbitration is not the right method, what is the right method? Those who refuse the principle of arbitration are bound to offer an alternative. None has been offered so far, and to the ordinary observer the only choice li between arbitration, voluntary con promise (which so far has not bee successful) and conflict until on party or the other is exhausted. La year's experience and the fact tha both parties to the controversy hav full treasuries because of the hig prices paid by the consumer and th high wages paid to the miners mak the prospect of an obstinate coal wa gloomy from the public point of view

The arguments and figures pre sented day by day by the antagonist in this dispute have been precisel such as should be put before a boar of conciliation or arbitration, with mutual pledge to abide by its decision This has been done successfully i scores of cases in other labor disputes what is there to make it impossibl here? The long-enduring public wil not forever consent to be the buffe between labor and capital in a matte that is to it of vital concern.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH OUR COLLEGES?

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT, President Emeritus of Harvard, who deserves to have conferred upon him the title of Primate of All America in Education, recently printed a statement in the newspapers expressing his anxiety about the condition of academic education in the United States. He thinks the trouble lies in the attempt to standardize everything —in the tendency to cast the minds of students in one educational mold.

Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, recently published a report in which he said that this country was not getting adequate returns for the enormous sums of money it is spending on public education.

These criticisms by two of the foremost educators in America confirm the conscious or sub-conscious anxiety about modern education which thousands of fathers and mothers are feeling at this time. In two or three weeks the schools and colleges will be open for another year's work, and there is scarcely a family in America that is not wondering with anxious perplexity what that year will mean in the development and training of a son or daughter.

This anxiety is a good sign. It means that the country at large is taking a keener interest than ever before, not merely in the opportunities for education, but also in the problem of how those opportunities shall be used.

In spite of the justice of such warnings as those of Dr. Eliot and Dr. Pritchett, there is no reason for discouragement. We are not face to face with new phenomena that are alarming because they are unprecedented. It so happens that my reading this summer has led me to appreciate that the problem is not a new one. The literature of English biography is full of criticisms of the useless conventionality of so-called "higher education."

No university in the world has a more resplendent history than Oxford. An honorary degree from that queen of universities is to-day more eagerly welcomed by men of intelligence than any title that the King of England can bestow. Oxford has given to the world a more widely known company of Prime Ministers, statesmen, philosophers, men of letters, poets (although much might be said for Cambridge on the score of poets and men of letters), historians, teachers, and preachers than any other school of "higher education" in the world—certainly in the English-speaking world. But the uselessness of an Oxford education has been frequently commented upon by some of her most

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amous sons. Even in the days when he sole purpose of Oxford was to prouce doctors of divinity she did not ucceed very well. In the "Life and 'imes of Anthony Wood," the quaint)xford antiquary of the English Civil Var period, there is this entry:

> Dec. 21st 1683, Friday. At 3 in the morning died suddenly Mrs. Lasenby, the hostess of the Mitre Inn, having about three hours before been most strangely affrighted by 3 rude persons, viz.:—
>
> Thomas Baker, M.A., All Souls Coll.
> John Aldworth, M.A., " "
> Ralph Olive, M.A., " "
>
> Thomas Edwards, of St. John's, M.A., not among them, but there by accident. These having been drinking at the Mermaid Tavern, newly opened after having been closed some time, came drunk to The Mitre; were let in by a boy then up. They came as they pretended to eat something. The boy said they were all in bed. They enquired where Mrs. Lasenby lyed. The boy showed the window. They waked her and desired to have some meat dressed. She said 'twas late and would or could not rise. Whereupon they called her names, . . . and told her she deserved to have her throat cut. Being extremely frightened she fell into fits and died at 3 in the morning. The Masters were examined by the Vice-Chancellor and Bishop and they afterwards apologized for their conduct before the Congregation.

The idea of Oxford in those days seems to have been that though a man's sins were as red as scarlet an apology to the Congregation would make them white as snow.

Three-quarters of a century later, Jeremy Bentham, the famous English juridical philosopher, says of the undergraduate days which he spent at Oxford about the time when George Washington was brilliantly fighting the Indians as a colonel on the staff of General Braddock: "I learnt nothing; we just went to the foolish lectures of our tutors to be taught something of local jargon." And on one occasion, commenting on the fundamentalists of Oxford and the theological tests required of the undergraduates (Mr. Bryan and Senator Lusk will please take notice), he remarked that the streets of Oxford were "paved with perjury." A little earlier Gibbon, the historian, was an undergraduate at Oxford. In later life he described as follows the intellectual and spiritual atmosphere in which he lived: "The Fellows or monks of my time were decent, easy men, who supinely enjoyed the gifts of the founder. Their days were filled by a series of uniform employments—the Chapel, the Hall, the coffee-house and the common-room—till they retired weary and well satisfied to a long slumber. From the toil of reading, writing or thinking they had absolved their consciences. Their conversation stagnated in a round of college business, Tory politics, personal anecdotes and private scandal."

But if it be objected that this was Oxford of a hundred and fifty years ago, let us turn to a later critic or two. Walter Bagehot, it is true, was not an Oxford man. He took his degree at the University of London. But it is doubtful if England has ever produced a wiser economist or more penetrating critic, and what he says about the Oxford spirit of the last half of the nineteenth century, although long, is worth quoting in full if for no other reason than because of its delightful irony:

> There is much to be said in favor of the University of Oxford. No one can deny to it very great and very peculiar merits. But certainly it is not an exciting place, and its education operates as a narcotic rather than as a stimulant. Most of its students devote their lives to a single profession, and we may observe among them a kind of sacred torpidity. . . . The most characteristic of Oxford men labor quietly, delicately, and let us hope usefully, in a confined sphere; they hope for nothing more, and wish for nothing more. Even in secular literature we may observe an analogous tone. The "Saturday Review" is remarkable as an attempt on the part of "university men" to speak on the political topics and social difficulties of the time. And what do they teach us? It is something like this: "So-and-so has written a tolerable book, and we would call attention to the industry which produces tolerable books. So-and-so has devoted himself to a great subject, and we would observe that the interest now taken in great subjects is very commendable. Such-and-such a lady has delicate feelings, which are desirable in a lady, though we know that they are contrary to the facts of the world. All common persons are doing as well as they can, but it does not come to much after all. All statesmen are doing as ill as they can, and let us be thankful that *that* does not come to much either." We may search and search in vain through this repository of the result of "university teaching" for a single truth that it has established, for a single high cause which it has advanced, for a single deep thought which is to sink into the minds of its readers. It affords, indeed, a nearly perfect embodiment of the corrective skepticism of a sleepy intellect. "AB says he has done something, but he has not done it; CD has made a parade of demonstrating this or that proposition, but he does not prove his case; there is one mistake in page 5, and another in page 113; a great history has been written of this or that century, but the best authorities as to that period have not been consulted, which, however, is not very remarkable, as there is nothing in them." We could easily find, if it were needful, many traces of the same indifferent habit, the same apathetic culture, in the more avowed productions of Oxford men. The shrewd eye of Mr. Emerson, stimulated doubtless by the contrast to America, quickly caught the trait. "After all," says the languid Oxford gentleman of his story, "there is nothing true and nothing new and no matter!"

The last English critic of Oxford to whom I shall refer is Frederic Harrison, somewhat cantankerous, to be sure, but passionately desirous that young England should be well educated in the best sense of that word. Writing in 1910, only a few years before his death, but nearly sixty years after he had taken his first Oxford degree, he remarked: "I am not belittling real study in physical science, and I am quite aware that these new researches do require much special treatment and equipment. . . . But the attempt to foist these special physical researches on Oxford, which still remains largely an aristocratic gymnasium and essentially a theological seminary—where not one student in a hundred intends to pursue a scientific profession, where there is little scope for post-graduate study, in a world traditionally devoted to the 'humanities,' to Church, to 'good society' and sport—this is a sheer waste of labor and money."

These criticisms of course give only a one-sided view of Oxford, but they are sufficient to show that the spirit of dissatisfaction with the educational quality of university life is neither new nor confined to America. Even Charles Darwin, the great naturalist—and great Diabolus of Mr. Bryan's philosophy—in writing to a fellow-scientist shares in the general chorus of condemnation: "Many thanks," he says, "for your welcome note from Cambridge, and I am glad you like my *Alma Mater*, which I despise heartily as a place of education, but love from many most pleasant recollections."

The real trouble with university education and with the secondary schools, which are supposed to prepare for university education, is hit upon, it seems to me, by two educators of such diverse personality and training as Darwin, the English scientist, and Booker T. Washington, the American Negro. Says Darwin: "To return to schools. My main objection to them

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as places of education is the enormous proportion of time spent over classics. I fancy (though perhaps it is only fancy) that I can perceive the ill and contracting effect on my eldest boy's mind, in checking interest in anything *in which reasoning and observation come into play*. Mere memory seems to be worked. I shall certainly look out for some school with more diversified studies for my younger boys." Booker Washington in his autobiography, "Up from Slavery" (which ought to be an American classic for many generations to come both of white men and black men), gives a very good definition of the purpose of education which he once made in an address before the National Educational Association in Madison, Wisconsin: "In this address I said that the whole future of the Negro rested largely upon the question as to whether or not he should make himself, through his skill, intelligence, and character, of such undeniable value to the community in which he lives that the community could not dispense with his presence. I said that any individual who learned to do something better than anybody else—learned to do a common thing in an uncommon manner—had solved his problem, regardless of the color of his skin."

There have been so many philosophical and pedagogical definitions of education that it may be presumptuous for me, who am neither a philosopher nor a scientist, to venture to give one of my own. Nevertheless I conclude this article by attempting such a definition:

Education is the process of training man to be intelligent, useful, and agreeable to his fellow-men.

If this definition is at all acceptable, it follows that to be intelligent man must have book learning; to be use he must have hand training; and be agreeable he must have some co prehension of ethics and æstheti Thus true education must be both c tural and industrial. Is not the tro ble with the universities that th have over-emphasized the cultural book-learning phase of education a have neglected the industrial or ha and eye training phase?

I have in mind a boy of sixteen w comes of a rather long line of boo educated ancestry. He is alert enou mentally, but by some strange twi of atavism he is not bookish, althou he will gladly work seven or eig hours a day with his hands and h needs a goodly share of exercise in th sun and air. I do not know any scho where he can get the education h needs so well as he could get it a Hampton or Tuskegee. The on trouble is that he is a white boy!

SOUTHERN OPINION ON THE TUSKEGEE HOSPITAL

BY LESTER A. WALTON

THE acrimonious and protracted controversy as to whether the Federal Hospital recently opened at Tuskegee, Alabama, for disabled Negro war veterans should be manned by a white or colored personnel has served to direct the attention of the general public to one outstanding fact —that the white South is to-day incontrovertibly divided on the race question. In some respects the situation bears a marked similarity to the rift between the North and South when the Negro was involved during Abraham Lincoln's occupancy of the White House.

There are Southerners with deep-rooted convictions pertaining to "social equality" who agree with those of Tuskegee and Montgomery in their advocacy of the appointment of white physicians and nurses to serve Negro patients. There is also in existence another element—one as sincerely opposed to this plan as the Negroes themselves. Furthermore, they have the moral courage to come out in the open and emphatically register their disapproval.

That the white South as a whole does not view with equanimity and approval the disgraceful exhibition staged by the Ku Klux Klan on the Government hospital grounds the night of July 3, when an attempt was made to frighten away Negro hospital employees, and that a marked difference of opinion exists as to the reasonableness of the claims advanced by Tuskegee white people in their fight, are evidenced by the outspoken opposition of press, pulpit, and pew.

The Asheville, North Carolina, "Daily Citizen" says: "The Tuskegee protests in this matter do not represent Southern opinion on the race question. It is an established Southern tradition that Negroes should have their own preachers, teachers, physicians. Such a mode of living for the two races has come about because it represents the sanest sort of common sense with regard to the social contacts of whites and blacks. This policy increases the efficiency and the self-respect of the colored man; it opens to the race avenues of work other than common labor.

"But the truth is that in Alabama, and to a less degree in other Southern States, a minority of whites still hold that the Negro should hew wood and draw water and only that; he should be virtually a serf. This die-hard doctrine is impervious to the evidence that it is from the ranks of untrained Negroes at the bottom of the race's ladder that the great majority of Negro criminals come."

Declares the Louisville "Courier Journal:" "That demonstration in Alabama the other day was typical of the Ku Klux Klan. Did the Ku Klux Klan want their own members named to these positions in a Negro hospital? The Ku Klux didn't want Negro officials even for a Negro institution. They might as well have paraded in protest against Tuskegee Institute having at its head a Negro and having been founded by a Negro. The parad at Tuskegee was both laughable an serious."

"Tuskegee is a Negro Institute an is caring for Negro soldiers wounde in the World War," says the Charlott North Carolina, "Observer." "I would be entirely in order for th Government to send Negro doctors t Tuskegee to care for these Negro pa tients. The demonstrations by th Ku Klux Klan in intimidation of th Tuskegee people were ill-advised an should meet with the protests of al good American citizens."

The Mobile, Alabama, "Register," under the caption "Inopportune Ac tion," discusses the subject in th following vein: "The Ku Klux Kla demonstration in Tuskegee will prob ably make it harder for the Govern ment to recede from its purpose t place a wholly Negro staff in charg of the new hospital for Negro soldiers While intended to show the strength of the opposition to the Government's plan, it has also the aspect of a threat. Coming at the moment when a conference is about to be held in the hope of bringing about an agreement between the Government and the people of Tuskegee, the display of the fiery cross must be pronounced inopportune, and, though designed to support the protest of the people of Tuskegee, may have the opposite effect."

Declares the Elizabeth City, North Carolina, "Independent:" "Depend upon the Ku Klux Klan to continue to aggravate the race problem in the

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outh. It was not so many months o that a hired speaker of the Klan as stirring up opposition to the work the Southern Committee on Inter-cial Relations by deliberately lying out the organization. Now the lan is terrorizing Tuskegee Insti-te, and the friendly relations which ve existed between the white people Tuskegee and the blacks at Tuske-e Institute are seriously threatened. ist why the Tuskegee folks object to Negro personnel in the Negro Veter-s' Hospital does not clearly appear. hey say that it will make trouble mong the whites. And yet for many ears there has existed in the suburbs f Tuskegee a great Negro educational stitution manned by Negroes, and here has been no trouble."

The "Daily Times" of Chattanooga, ennessee, in commenting on "The onstitution" says: "Just a reminder f how it happens that so many per-ons do not respect laws, the incident t Tuskegee, Alabama, where there as been an open if not violent public emonstration against putting Negro octors and Negro officials in charge f the Negro hospital for disabled Negro veterans located in that city, it night be well to suggest that the protest' is in defiance of the Four-eenth and Fifteenth Amendments. The clamor is not against the men who are being put in charge of the institution, but against the color of their skins and the character of their antecedents.

"The attempt is being made at Tuskegee to terrify men of black skins, and to so agitate the emotional whites against the blacks that the Administration may feel it best for the peace and tranquillity of the community and the proper functioning of the hospital to withdraw its order putting Negro surgeons and officials in charge. That would of course be government by mob 'suasion' and not government according to the Constitution.

"New York is being called a 'rebel' State because its Legislature in orderly and Constitutonal way withdrew its 'concurrent law' for the enforcement of a Federal statute; the people of Tuskegee are attempting to nullify the Fourteenth Amendment—and the State authorities have not interfered to stop it—by threatening the Government with a 'reign of terror' unless it shall retreat from its position and withdraw its action for the reason that it is repugnant to certain elements of Tuskegee society. The method employed in New York was at least regular.

"We cannot have a sound and just Government when half of the Constitution is to be enforced and another part of it is to be repudiated. Expediency and opportunism have been having their day in this great country of ours, and that may in some measure explain, although it does not justify, the widespread disrespect for law we are now experiencing. We cannot fairly hold the violators of one law to strict accountability when we openly and notoriously justify ourselves in violating another law just as binding upon our good citizenship and consciences."

In its same issue the Greensboro, North Carolina, "Daily News" published a lengthy statement by State Senator R. H. Powell giving the citizens of Tuskegee's side of the case and also an editorial frankly disagreeing with Tuskegeans. The editorial in part follows:

"Entering a protest is one thing, and threatening the lives of Negro citizens and the destruction of the property of an educational institution is quite another. A parade of 700 masked men is not a decent and orderly method of entering a protest; much less is a threat to burn Tuskegee Institute. Even if the Government has broken its promise, Tuskegee has no excuse for resorting to violence. According to Mr. Powell, under the original arrangement 325 of the 400 people to compose the personnel were to be Negroes, anyhow, and of course the patients are to be Negroes. The row, then, hinges upon the introduction into the hospital of a total of 75 more Negroes.

"Now how on earth can the uproar be justified on that ground? Mr. Powell refers vaguely to the troubles that will follow the arrival in Tuskegee of Negro officers in uniform, under the protection of the Federal Government and not amenable to local laws. Where does he get that stuff? If Negroes are sent to the hospital, they will be precisely on the footing of the white personnel, who are, Mr. Powell says, employees of the Public Health Service, and just as much under control of local laws as a letter-carrier or post office clerk. For that matter, if the Government sent men in the military service to Tuskegee, they would, whenever they were off the Government reservation, be just as much subject to the control by civil authorities as civilians.

"Furthermore, every fair-minded white man knows that a Negro with character and intelligence enough to win a degree in medicine and get a job with the United States Public Health Service is not a rowdy. If such a man were sent to Tuskegee, he would be the last person on earth to take any action liable to cause him to lose his position; for appointment on the staff of the Government Hospital would not only carry a decent salary, but would be an honor that the average Negro physician would value highly. We repeat, we have no defense to offer for the breaking of a promise, explicit or implicit, made by the Government to the white citizens at Tuskegee. But, on the other hand, we refuse to believe that the substitution of 75 Negro physicians of the Public Health Service for an equal number of white physicians offers the slightest menace to the peace or prosperity of the town."

Threats and intimidation of officials of Tuskegee Institute because of their advocacy of a Negro personnel for the hospital has aroused the ire of thoughtful white men and women throughout the Southland. The Race Commission of the Woman's Missionary Council of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, meeting in Nashville, Tennessee, adopted the following resolutions:

> For many years Tuskegee Institute, a Negro institution in the heart of the South, with an entire Negro administration, has stood for the best development of the Negro within the race. Its marvelous achievements have attracted the attention and won the appreciation not only of our Nation, but of other nations and peoples around the world. Its unique educational achievements have been acknowledged in educational conferences throughout the world. It has been cited as an outstanding demonstration that the Negro has an opportunity for achievement within the South.
>
> Therefore, we register our strong moral protest against any act of intimidation or terrorism affecting this institution, realizing that such methods are condemned by all Christian powers as foes to civilization and orderly government.
>
> (Signed)
> Mrs. A. B. Smith, Tennessee.
> Miss Estelle Haskin, Tennessee.
> Mrs. L. P. Smith, Texas.
> Mrs. W. A. Newell, North Carolina.
> Mrs. Luke Johnson, Georgia.
> Mrs. W. J. Piggott, Kentucky.

At Lake Junaluska, North Carolina, the Commission on Temperance and Social Service, of which Bishop James Cannon, Jr., is Chairman, passed the following resolution:

> Inasmuch as there has come to us, through newspaper reports and private sources of undoubted reliability, information that the interests of that great institution for our colored people at Tuskegee, Alabama, are seriously menaced by threats of organized interference—
>
> *Resolved*, That this Commission put on record our appreciation of the incalculable value of that institution for the training of our colored fellow-citizens and declare our unalterable conviction that any invasion of its rights, or interference with the orderly pursuits of its lawful and

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benevolent labors, would be a calamity to the institution and a lasting disgrace to our Southern civilization and people.

Resolutions were adopted at a mass-meeting of women in attendance at Mount Sequoyah, Arkansas:

Whereas, the women of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, have for many years been vitally interested in the welfare and progress of the Negro race at home and abroad, and have aided in establishing and maintaining religious, educational, and social service institutions for the Christianizing of the Negro; and

Whereas, it has been reported through the press and other reliable sources of information that Tuskegee Institute, of Tuskegee, Alabama, a Negro school which has always stood for the best development of the Negro race in the South, has been menaced in its welfare and activities by a lawless element in the State of Alabama; therefore—

Resolved, That the women attending the Western Methodist Assembly, Mount Sequoyah, Fayetteville, Arkansas, in mass-meeting assembled, express our confidence in the aims and ideals of Tuskegee Institute and our appreciation of the contribution it has made to the Negro race in America.

Resolved further, That we go on record as entering a vigorous protest against any act or influence calculated to injure the reputation, hinder the activities, or menace the existence of this worthy institution.

(Signed)

Mrs. Fred Lamb, Chairman.
Mrs. John S. Turner, Secretary.

Perhaps the attitude favorable to a white personnel for a Negro hospital in the South may be best expressed in the joint resolution introduced by Senator Powell, who has led the fight against Negro control from its incipiency. The resolution was quickly passed by both branches of the Alabama Legislature. After a lengthy preamble setting forth that the white people of Tuskegee never would have consented to the United States Government building the hospital on the site donated by the Institute had not the impression prevailed that the hospital would be placed under white control, the resolution goes on to say:

"It is resolved that Negro control of the hospital . . . would be a curse to the ex-service men to whom the Government owes a debt of gratitude; a curse to the Negro race in its injurious effect upon Tuskegee Institute, which is of more permanent benefit than the hospital can be; and a curse to the innocent white people of the town of Tuskegee, who, accepting the Government's pledge, have brought upon themselves a condition that will jeopardize the lives of many, make the homes of the citizens less safe and secure, make their town less desirab and to a large extent destroy the re happiness they have experienced the past in their home life and ass ciations in the town of Tuskegee."

Tuskegee Institute has been gene ally looked upon as the country greatest sphere of usefulness in t matter of promoting better race rel tions in the South. The town of Tu kegee, together with its environs, the last community in Dixie where outcropping of race hatreds wou have been expected; and yet, not f from the resting-place of Booker Washington, who preached racial goo will and tolerance throughout t length and breadth of the land, neigh bors staged a hostile demonstration protest against Negro management a Negro hospital. This was done d spite the fact that Tuskegee Institut more than any other institution o organization, has proved conclusivel to the world the Negro's capacity fo executive control of his own ente prises.

Few editorial expressions, if any have appeared in the Southern pres backing up the position taken b Tuskegee citizens. Publication o views defining the anti-Negro manage ment point of view, written by Tuske geans or sympathizers, in the mai constitute utterances of the protes tants in the dispute.

THE MOUSE IN THE REPUBLICAN CHEESE

BY JOHN BALLARD

SOMETHING like a denial of the evidence of the physical senses pervades conservative comment in the East on radical politics in the West. A record of more than twenty years is full of proof that the situation in the country beyond the Great Lakes cannot be accounted for as a revival of nineteenth-century Populism, and that a large voting population has moved definitely and finally away from old party standards; but a certain type of mind will not have it so. Minor causes are given the importance of major ones and only temporary significance is attributed to something which, it should now be clear, is no fleeting phase of our political life.

An example of what is meant is found in an editorial published in the New York "Times" on July 19, dealing with the victory of Magnus Johnson in the Minnesota Senatorial election:

> It is now plain that the true causes of this Republican warning and disaster lie far back. The train fired in Minnesota was laid by a Republican Congress. It mistook the disease from which the country was suffering and prescribed the wrong remedy. Doubtless it was out of old habit that the Republican doctors decided that there was nothing like their favorite old household drug, a high tariff, to make the people well again.

This illustrates the tendency to "declare against it" and to ignore the realities of politics. The tariff may be allowed to have had something to do with the size of Magnus Johnson's majority, but he, or some other man standing for what he does, was bound to be elected, anyhow. The causes of this Republican defeat do indeed lie far back, a good deal farther than any reader depending on the "Times's" interpretation of the event would be led to believe.

Johnson defeated Preus for the same reason that Shipstead defeated Kellogg; for the same reason that Brookhart was elected in Iowa and Frazier in North Dakota. The force of public opinion that swept these men into office, now gaining momentum more rapidly than at any other time since the movement began, is the same force that has enabled Robert M. La Follette to beat his opponents decisively in every election in which he has been a candidate since 1899. Th man who thinks that the last tw Minnesota elections can be accounte for in the usual way, as an ebullitio of discontent stirred by some tem porary cause, will in due course hav to revise his opinion. The present distress of the farmer, the transporta tion problem, and complications re sulting from the war have all had some bearing on particular elections, but they are all subordinate to some thing of deeper import. It was evident long ago to those who knew the State well that Minnesota was on the way to join the political standard of Wisconsin. It was La Follette who laid the train that was fired with such alarming effect, and he began to lay it before Shipstead and Johnson were ever heard of in politics. The thing would have happened sooner but for the war. Preus, able man and discerning politician, saw what was coming and went part way to meet it, but he did not go far enough.

So far as Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa are concerned it is a mistaken view that regards the present movement as simply an agrarian agitation, or at most an alliance between discon-

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nted farmers and discontented labor. ı Wisconsin the whole mass of the ·ople is engaged in a degree not ıualed since the State aligned itself ·ainst slavery. Business of the kind ıat is represented in manufacturers' ·sociations is in the main against La ollette and his policies, but business ı the person of the man with mod- ate capital is for "Bob," both in the ttle towns and the big ones. The ·aching profession and the profes- ons generally, the white-collar work- s, and the women vote for him every me they have a chance. Probably vo-thirds of all the college men of ıe State are with him, and most of ıe alumni and undergraduates of the niversity of Wisconsin have for ears given him fervid and faithful upport. A cross-section of the so- alled La Follette faction would not ook much like the Kansas farmers ·ho marched yelling through the isles of the Democratic National Con- ention in 1896.

To a lesser but steadily increasing xtent the same middle-class emanci- ıation from old party ties has gone on n the other States over which the La ·ollette influence has spread. In Minnesota more business men are oncerned in the movement than would ıe imagined by anybody who assumes hat because Magnus Johnson is a armer and a bit crude the people who ·ote for him are all farmers and say 'Yake" too. Long-distance critics ·hould abandon the notion that con- ·ervatism in Minnesota is being de- ·ended by a cultured band of city tax- ıayers, surrounded by a stampeded nob of haymakers. There is a busi- ıess element in St. Paul and Min- ıeapolis that helped Magnus Johnson, ınd helped him gladly, just as it ıelped the grain growers' co-operative ırganization to establish a market in :he Twin Cities. The big millers, the ıig bankers, and the big railway men ·tand where they have always stood politically, but it is no secret that even in important trade associations the liberal cause has made many recruits and was making them so long ago as when the Non-Partisan League was a new thing. The fight between the North Dakota farmers and the Min- neapolis Chamber of Commerce caused business men to do a lot of thinking that was not confined to the subject of grain marketing.

It is worth while remembering that, along with the Swedes who settled there, Minnesota attracted more New Englanders than went to any other part of the Northwest. Thirty years ago it was said that Minneapolis con- tained more Vermonters than any town in Vermont. The children and grandchildren of those Green Moun- tain emigrants flourish there now, as fine and earnest and forward-looking a lot of people as can be found any- where. They have a passion for jus- tice, they possess a political instinct that is rare in the peasant stock of Continental Europe, and they supply a leaven of shrewd Yankee common sense that keeps the progressive move- ment from getting out of bounds. They could not follow the whirling dervishes of North Dakota, but the humanities of that agitation won them, if its politics did not. They are, and have been for some years, steadily detaching themselves from the old party ranks, and, with war complications and Townley vagaries out of the way, nothing was more likely than that the vote of this thoughtful, determined part of the population would be cast in favor of a man recognized as standing for the policies of La Follette. It was cast for Magnus Johnson because he plainly and candidly declared that he accepted the Wisconsin Senator's leadership. Peacham itself never turned out keener politicians than some of the Vermont breed who have joined the revolt in Minnesota, and the Republican National organization is going to find it as difficult to re- arrange a dependable line-up of the old sort in Minnesota as it has in Wisconsin.

It is this middle class of the cities and villages, less numerous than the farmers and wholly lacking the or- ganization of labor, but surpassing both in political capacity, that is really shaping the course of the movement in the Northwest as a whole and keep- ing it, in the main, sanely liberal and progressive instead of extremely radi- cal. The La Follette organization is absolutely dominated by the ideas of this class, to which La Follette him- self belongs. The body of opinion which stopped the Townley nonsense at the Red River of the North does not stand for the Populism of Weaver and Jerry Simpson. It is not an opinion calculated to make the Old Guard feel comfortable, but it is de- luded by no hope of making the world over in a hurry. Horrified Republi- can leaders pointed out that in John- son Minnesota had chosen a Senator whose candidacy was indorsed by the Communists. Perhaps it was, but the Communists might with equal benefit to themselves have indorsed Lord Balfour. The people who control elections in Minnesota are neither Communists, Socialists, nor fiat-money cranks, and Mr. Dawes will not have to send his Illinois minute-men of the Constitution into the State to avert a revolution.

If the movement is not simply wild Populism and has a substratum of hard sense, why is a man like Magnus Johnson elected? For the same rea- son that Mr. Hylan is Mayor of New York City and Al Smith is Governor of New York State. Even a progress- ive movement has to take politics "as is," and in politics it is more impor- tant for a man to be known for right feeling than for accurate thinking. Mr. Johnson told the reporters that he wanted to be common. "He succeeds," observes the editor of the "Times." The new Senator's remark seems no more naïve and amusing to the aloof intellectual than does the pompous irony of the "Times" to the man pos- sessed of political common sense. Magnus of the leather lungs may or may not be a constructive statesman. It is only at rare intervals that there emerges from the crowd a man who, like Roosevelt, combines extraordinary intellectual power with a quality of human fellowship that is instantly ap- parent to high and low alike. When such a man does appear, he upsets all the calculations of those who bow down to regularity and system. Mag- nus the farmer is no Roosevelt in point of brains, but he is a magnetic and likable personality, as dynamic as the well beloved "Teddy" himself, and with the same inborn ability to establish quickly a bond of friendly feeling with those to whom he talks, either on or off the platform. The man who not only wants to be common but knows how is a formidable person in politics. The old-line politicians made fun of La Follette for shedding coat and collar as he warmed up be- fore county fair crowds, but now the Old Guard managers would send a candidate to the stump in his pajamas if they thought that costume would win enough votes to extinguish "Bob." Wait and see if they are not willing to nominate a calliope in the hope of beating Magnus Johnson.

From the standpoint of old party interest, the sum of the matter is that what was formerly the most solid and dependable Republican territory of all has been reduced to the condition of a rind without any cheese in it. A mouse, a mouse with pompadoured hair, began to gnaw at the center of that cheese twenty-five years ago. Anybody who cannot see a difference between what has been accomplished by this persistent nibbler and the spasms of those old "sixteen to one" days had better not waste any time struggling with the problems of poli- tics. He is as hopelessly out of touch with American feeling and American political tendencies as the puzzled Mr. Chauncey Depew, who for the life of him cannot understand why a consid- erable number of people should want to elect Henry Ford President, when neighbor Rockefeller, who is probably no richer than Mr. Ford and has given away a good deal more money, would be an impossible candidate for alder- man. One has to be a real mixer to know why the same people who voted for Magnus Johnson would also vote for Henry Ford.

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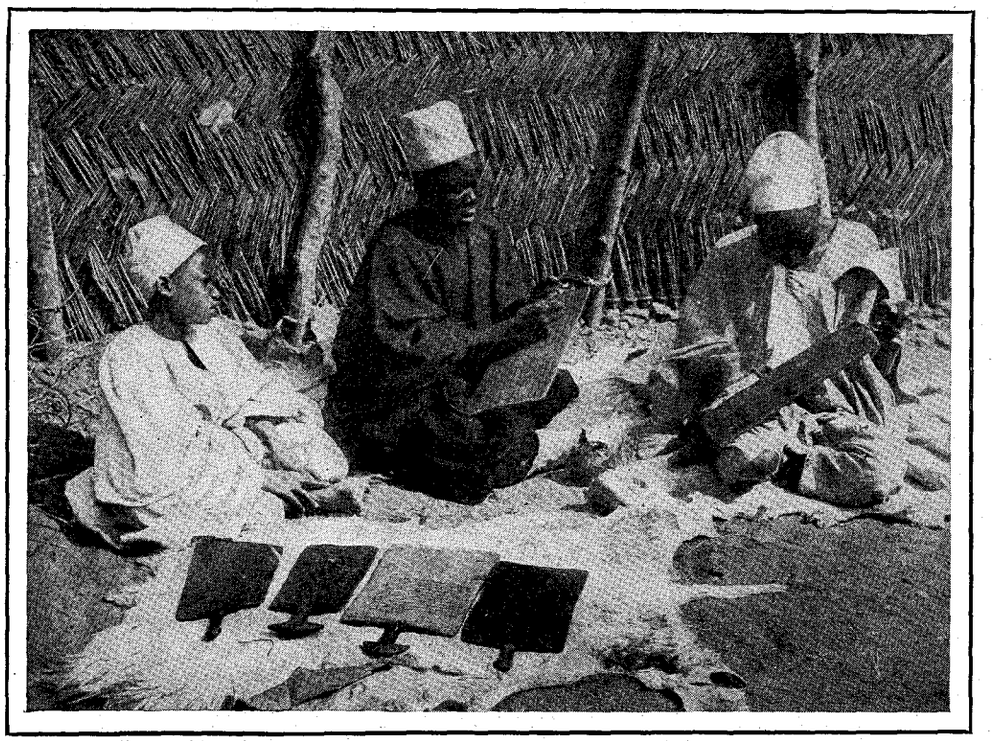

(C) Ewing Galloway, New York

AN OUTDOOR CLASS IN THE KORAN WRITING THEIR LESSONS ON WOODEN TABLETS

The natives of the Cameroon (a region of Africa formerly under German control but as a result of the war divided between France and Britain) are, it is said, learning to read and to write, the percentage of literacy having largely increased of late years. The majority of the natives are Mohammedans, and their reading lessons are almost exclusively drawn from the Koran

(C) Ewing Galloway, New York

NATIVES WEAVING COTTON SASHES OR SCARFS ON THEIR CRUDE LOOMS

Under the French Protectorate these natives of the Cameroon are, it is reported, making steady progress in simple industries. The children of these men spin the cotton used by the weavers

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(C) P. & A. Photos

GETTING THEIR FIRST VIEW OF A SKY-SCRAPER

A group of Indians from the Wind River Reservation, Arapahoe, Wyoming, toured New York City recently. The photograph shows them as they passed the Woolworth Building

(C) Keystone

INDIAN PRIZE-WINNERS EXHIBITING THEIR HANDIWORK

At the annual Indian Field Day and Basket Show which recently took place at Yosemite National Park, hundreds of Indians took part in the various events. These women won prizes for their fine baskets. The center one, held by Lucy Tell Us, a Piute of Mono Lake, is said to be one of the finest baskets ever exhibited

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THE FURTIVENESS OF LIQUOR

BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS

ONE thing prohibition has done: Liquor has been removed from the streets and highways of the country to such an extent that in more than twenty-five thousand miles touring from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Canadian border to Mexico—hundreds of miles along the south line—I, a roaming stranger, have seen none of the drinking. Before I could discover liquor, whether brewed, distilled, or fermented, I had to search for it; and even the indications, the signs of clandestine liquor traffic, are so indistinct and difficult of recognition that one must become practiced in his observations in order to recognize them.

Since prohibition went into effect I have been through places and across regions that I knew twenty years ago, during years before the idea of prohibition was anything but a joke and drys "queer birds." Let me say offhand that a traveler could not then cross the United States or go anywhere in the country and not find himself constantly beset by liquor and constantly witness its effects on men and women. Twenty years ago a man going seven thousand miles across New York, Pennsylvania (through Erie), Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming (through Cheyenne), Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, and Indiana would see hundreds of places with music and bright lights and pullers-in reaching for customers for the tables and bars. And last autumn and this spring I went this route by automobile, and on all that journey, of more than seven months, liquor nowhere displayed itself. I did not see many men obviously under liquor's influence. I was not asked to take a drink even once.

Liquor is the most elusive game imaginable on the highways. Like elk or deer or mountain sheep, it can be found, but one must know the signs, must know the regions where it hides and ranges, and it is dangerous game, for those who watch its preserves are apt to be surly and suspicious, questioning one's motives in seeking it. Not only is liquor deadly, but one may be regarded as an enforcer of the law, and killed, or at least assailed, or fled from even though one's intentions are as dishonorable and illegal as possible.

Last autumn and twenty years ago I went through moonshine regions of Tennessee, and on the Mississippi at Memphis. In 1902 I went the length of the Ohio River. In Knoxville, Tennessee—well, in no part of the land could a man walk unchallenged, uninvited, even unassailed by the votaries of liquor in those old days. It flaunted itself even in the dry States, if one was white. Now even a rotund old fellow with some geniality of appearance and rather sociable in his ways goes from end to end of the United States, and the only place where any one ever asks him to witness liquor in its bottles is in his home town among people who know him.

On my travels twenty years ago, wandering into industrial regions, through feud lands, from corn belts to cotton bottoms, from timber jobs to mining regions, from hunting camps to trappers' cabins, from fly-fishing brooks to commercial fishing lakes—everywhere was liquor. State laws but slightly veiled its distributers and hardly awakened the doubts of venders or consumers.

And now liquor simply is utterly invisible from the highways. One must know what illicit liquor does to an automobile, to a building, to a town, or to a locality to see where liquor is "working." Consider Memphis, on the Mississippi. Twenty years ago from the shanty-boat colony on the slough to its busiest street in the cheerfulest corners liquor obtruded itself on men, women, and even children. To-day a man can walk every street in Memphis in the sunshine, and go unchallenged by liquor. The sign of liquor is in the murder record of the city; liquor can be found in road-houses; it can be discovered in its wretched sunless dens. But the stranger who does not know where it is may go far and snoop much before he can put his lips to the glass. Arrests of automobile drivers for intoxication are frequent in Memphis, but let me say I did not see one car in hundreds that, on the great drive or in the streets, seemed erratic from liquor. The wild alcoholic revelries of the highways may exist now, but not with curtains up and visible from the street.

We crossed Arkansas from Memphis to Little Rock. Two villages were dejected and surly, perhaps because of blind-tiger or moonshine-bootleg operations. South from Little Rock, which seemed not to be overly thirsty, we went through the southern Ozarks. Here, down approaching the Texas line, we came at night to a village where at least a dozen men were hilarious. We heard a moonshiner and a bootlegger talking in their lingo, not dreaming we could understand their talk of "pig" and "tied up" and "got out." And we saw two bottles in a single package handed over. By a coincidence, the sheriff and a posse three days later took more than a dozen stills in this very neighborhood about southeast of Hot Springs, as I remember. That was the only "hilarious" place, visibly so.

Shreveport showed peace and good will. There is an atmosphere about a drinking town that is unmistakable. A neighbor of this Louisiana city had the hard and suspicious bearing of unrestrained but covert liquor trade.

Across Texas conditions of illicit liquor traffic did not obtrude themselves. At Houston one is introduced to this or that man, and later the explanation is made that "he's a bootlegger." One sees no drunken men. He meets men who had a drink last week, or are going after a drink next week. Nobody invites one out to have a drink. It costs too much. In Galveston, which in the old days was a terrific town, three or four outlying resorts "have all kinds," but neither the automobile drivers nor the pedestrians show general consumption of liquor.

In none of the towns of Texas, on a 1,200-mile circle segment from Marshall to El Paso, were there any open or flagrant indications of liquor. Two or three small places did show the earmarks of being sapped in vitality by illicit liquor. In one of these several men had the bearing of being "lit up." But even here the blatant, boastful, insolent, and aggressive habit of liquor known so well in the old days was absent. The drinkers had a furtive, rather anxious, and even dreading air. And I may say that of all the violators, I know of only three or four anywhere who even maintain a semblance of carelessness in their bearings.

Liquor has shrunk from the communities of the land. The casual passer-by through Texas, through any New Mexican town, sees no indication of it except in about two out of a hundred communities. Main Street is rid of liquor. In the old days, if three or four men gathered in a hotel in a town, even on a street corner, the first thing was, "Let's go have a drink." The only time this happens now, judging from my own experience, is when personal friends foregather, and one of them, knowing of the meeting, will bring a bottle. Strangers in New York, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, and Indiana, and even in California, are not asked to "have a drink."

There is some liquor along the border. No one denies that quite a few drinks are brought across. The amount, compared to consumption in

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the old days, is trifling. The Ku Klux Klan has settled the liquor question as regards selling to Negroes, and though one meets ranchers, merchants, and cowboys—all those types supposed to be wallowing in bootleg—he may hear about liquor, but it isn't forthcoming.

In Nebraska and Iowa one can dig up a little bootleg talk. He may even hear how dreadfully "real nice people" are carrying on at Cedar Rapids, or Clinton, or North Platte. But it isn't a spectacle visible from the street. Indeed, the only part of the Lincoln Highway from Cheyenne to Chicago where the liquor traffic intrudes itself on the passer-by is in Illinois, west of Chicago. There the great transcontinental automobile highway is seen to be used in liquor transportation. If one knows the signs, one sees them.

The bootleg expression is plainly marked on all those engaged in it. The mark is as plain as the brand on Cain. All over the United States, and I have been automobile touring in more than twenty-five of them since prohibition came, the bootleg brand is the same. What is that mark?

Ask any motor-cycle cop, stand for a time with any town marshal, go into any bootleg thoroughfare and watch the cars going by. Watch the people in the streets. Recognition becomes curiously inevitable. But to put the description down in words is difficult.

No better place for becoming familiar with the bootlegger's appearance can be had than on the main thoroughfares out of great cities. The very best place in the country west of the Hudson is just west of Chicago on any of the several good roads. In one town the motor-cycle cop talked with engaging frankness.

"They drive big cars, and one man sits in the leading car, with the cases loaded around him. Behind him comes another car, loaded down with men, all with their guns—"

"For the police?"

"No-o, not that. But for hijackers—booze robbers, you know."

Fear makes the liquor runners drive fast. They go forty miles an hour, say. They don't slow up when meeting other cars—one sign. They have the hard, set faces of violators. They make quick stops, with screaming brakes. They may have new, beautiful cars, but the cars are apt to be untidy and carelessly driven. They draw up to certain gasoline pumps, where stores, garages, and gloomy soft-drink roadside businesses stand, none of them showing much business activity. None of the outfits are easy under scrutiny. Curtains are apt to be up, caps or hats drawn down to hide features, collars turned up, and the license numbers are generally bedeviled, plastered with mud or spattered with paint, tar, or other veil.

If one watches the automobile traffic for a few hours where there is bootleg traffic, certain outfits stand out prominently. Down the Mohawk Valley, down the highways into New York City, across New Jersey, out of Boston, east and west between Erie, Pennsylvania, and Buffalo, around Sandusky, and between Toledo and Detroit, any one can soon learn to distinguish the illicit traffic. And the places where the traffic finds its customers, the hotels, the soft-drink places, the drug stores, the restaurants, the tailor shops, the candy stores—they cannot keep from showing the signs of their wretched and clandestine trade. The signs are not all legal evidence. The place of ill feeling may photograph exactly like an honest business; but the police, the prohibition agents, the sheriff's appointees, newspaper men, and the drinkers all become familiar with what they know is but a hunch, for they cannot often trace the identification to positive indications.

But liquor, the work of liquor on its drinkers, can be found only by hunting for it and watching for it. In hundreds of communities it does not obtrude itself upon any one. That much prohibition has done for the country. I drove my two sons and my wife seven thousand miles last winter, and before that eight thousand miles on a round trip from coast to coast, and in all that distance there wasn't any place that would invite any of us in to have a drink.

Tell me the country is wide open? I've seen twenty thousand miles of highways, from San Diego to Portland, Maine, since prohibition came, and in all that distance I have been invited into just two blind tigers. A lot of my friends are patrons of bootleggers, at that. They can find it. They do find it, but they have to hunt for it.

Tell me conditions are "worse than ever"? I tripped the Mississippi; I rode a bicycle thousands of miles; I drove a motor cycle through a dozen States; I walked and skiffed and railroaded from the St. Lawrence to Alabama, and from New York City to western Dakotas. I was a reporter in New York City and up State, and traveled for magazines and went on my own, gathering data, notes, experiences, for my writing before the country "went dry." I know what conditions used to be. I've had liquor come at me in a dozen States in the old days, where now it is utterly furtive and invisible.

Now, going alone to look towns over, up and down, on back streets and down main streets, of country hamlets and of great cities, I can find the blind tigers. They tell me right in my own town there are from eighty to one hundred bootleg joints or venders, that our prohibition enforcers are "making a million." But I can walk the streets of my town and not see ten drunks in six months, when in half an hour before prohibition came I saw and counted thirty-odd in fifteen minutes. And, with my eyes open, I drive tens of thousands of miles and see no drunken men, and the pitiful dejection or recklessness that is the mark of illicit liquor on property and community and individual appears only at long intervals, and one must know it to recognize the sign.

The boy and girl who "go to town" or away from home do not find the camaraderie of wide-open saloons waiting for them when they are lonely. The movies, lunch-rooms, and churches await them. Let me remark that the chances are nearly ten to one that a stranger will now be asked to go to church rather than to have a drink. And in the automobile camp-grounds, which are found in most of the towns strung along the automobile trails like the Lincoln Highway, the National Old Trail, the Mohawk Trail, the Chicago-New York, and other familiar automobile routes, the tourists ask where restaurants, or groceries, or motion pictures may be found, and rarely seek liquor. A few do sometimes ask caretakers where liquor can be found. But for one such a hundred ask for "sights," churches, good places to eat. Almost no one even thinks of liquor.

And the traveler twenty and ten years ago had trouble finding good places to eat. Many a time I have found in cities that the free-lunch counter was the only or the best meal, with a glass of beer inevitable beside one's plate. In even crossroads hamlets of the land now short-order places are found, and every town has its eating-place for the passer-by. They do a thriving business where they couldn't survive the saloon free-lunch competition in liquor States, or even in blind-tiger States. In my own town, of 12,000 inhabitants, there were sixty-seven saloons before prohibition, and not one restaurant—a hot-dog wagon alone survived free-lunch competition. Now there are three or four excellent lunch-rooms and restaurants, doing a good business, in spite of alleged eighty or ninety bootleggers.

Tell me prohibition isn't working? If it isn't, why don't we see the liquor game played everywhere, instead of only furtively and at rare intervals? Drive from ocean to ocean, from border to border—ten or twenty thousand miles. The stranger will not see liquor in any form. It has vanished from sight. The stranger takes his life in his hands if he tries to find it, so afraid is liquor of being found out. Compare that with legalized sale!

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HOW COOLIDGE GOT THE NEWS

BY LOUIS J. LANG

FIVE newspaper correspondents were the first to apprise Calvin Coolidge that he was President of the United States. I was one of them. We did it at one o'clock in the morning of August 3, 1923, by the flare of an ancient kerosene lamp, in the primitive farmhouse of his father, John C. Coolidge, atop the Green Mountains, in Plymouth, Vermont.

The circumstances, abounding in tragedy, pathos, and sweetness too—the last contributed chiefly by Mrs. Coolidge—were these:

At 12:30 A.M. the telephone bell tinkled behind the desk of a tiny hostelry at Ludlow, Vermont.

A yawning night clerk of eighteen years, clad only in trousers and undershirt, answered the call. Three newspaper correspondents, also yawning, in the lobby, were about to seek their couches. The sleepy clerk shouted from the booth, "Is Mr. Roy Atkinson, of the Boston 'Post,' here?"

Mr. Atkinson replied, "Here he is."

"Boston wants you," returned the tousled-headed lad, who held the wire. Mr. Atkinson hurried to the phone. He was in the booth barely a minute. Then he called to us, "Boys, President Harding is dead!"

"Oh, we heard that report last night, and the night before. Who says he is dead this time?" asked James A. Hagerty, veteran political writer of the New York "Times," and myself in duet.

"Secretary Christian has wired the news from San Francisco. It is official," answered Atkinson.

"Well," we agreed, "it means we must awaken Mr. Coolidge and tell him he is President. You know he has no telephone nor telegraph wire 'way up there on Plymouth Notch," I suggested.

The hamlet was asleep. The only available motor-car driver slept. The sole telephone operator was asleep.

President Coolidge was presumably dreaming in the "shack" just across the street from his birthplace, fifteen miles away, up a dark, stony, serpentine mountain path.

How to get the news to him of President Harding's death and give the people of the United States and the world the first message from the new President was our job.

One of us awakened the motor-man by telephone and directed him to bring his fleetest car around. Another awakened the combination station agent and telegraph operator. A third routed out of bed the girl operator who had exclusive charge of the single telephone wire to the region outside. She was ordered to commandeer every wire she could appropriate in New England and hold it open indefinitely.

The motor car, of the vintage of a quarter of a century agone, rattled up to the hotel door. Then it occurred to Atkinson that two of our comrades were in bed. We yanked them out in their pajamas. They started to dress.

"Dress in the car—the President is dead! We are going to tell the new President about it!" shouted Atkinson and Hagerty in the same breath.

Our comrades grabbed trousers, coats, and shoes, dashed down the stairs, and joined us in leaping into the car.

"Step on her till she busts!" yelled Atkinson to the chauffeur.

The aged boat wheezed, rocked, jerked, and lunged. We were off up the mountain. That drive seemed all but eternal and interminable in its length and anxiety. The car backfired and shook, crunched rocks, stalled. It careened about road elbows at forty miles an hour. The dim searchlights scarcely punctured the Egyptian gloom.

One minute our heads thumped the top, another we were thrown to the floor by impact with the bumps which Vermont road-makers had not leveled. Toward the end of the journey we came to a full stop.

"Let's get out and run," quoth an impatient passenger.

"Oh, yea; the President will send us back in his limousine!" was the sarcastic remark of another.

The chauffeur, a former schoolmate of the President's father, said: "Don't be so foolish. Keep your seats; we are almost there."

Painfully laboring up the last series of precipitous hills, we suddenly shot into an open space. Then we narrowly escaped climbing a tree which we had seen the then Vice-President nursing early the day before.

We caught a glimmer of light.

"That's in the President's combination dining and sitting room. Father Coolidge always keeps an old kerosene lamp burning, because he gets up before daylight to milk the cows," said our ancient pilot.

We drew up at the porch of the Coolidge farmhouse. All jumped out. Except for the dim flame just described, the house was an inky blot. Atkinson and I crept onto the porch, on which we had sat with the President-to-be and Mrs. Coolidge the previous morning. Atkinson fumbled for the bell. It could not be found.

"There ain't no bell. We are all honest here. Oh, they don't lock up at night any more than in the day. Walk right into the house," said our bus pilot in a loud whisper.

Atkinson pushed open the door into the mite of a room where the Plymouth Rock lamp sputtered. The Coolidge collie pup barked. "Who is there?" was the husky inquiry from the adjoining room.

Atkinson, who recognized the voice of Father Coolidge, answered: "The newspaper men. President Harding is dead. We must see your son at once."

There was a swish of clothing inside the father's bedroom. Then appeared the aged father of the President. He wore a nightgown tucked into a pair of overalls. His feet were bare. Rubbing his blinking eyes, Father Coolidge said: "Just had a flash from somewhere about it. I'll call Calvin and Grace."

The Plymouth Nestor climbed the stairs to the bedchamber of his son and daughter-in-law. He had hardly mounted the first step when, with a pant and a roar, a motor car stopped outside the door. A breathless, dust-begrimed man rushed into the dingy living-room. "Where is President Coolidge? Tell him President Harding is dead. I have a message from Secretary Christian. I am from the Vermont Telephone Company. I must see the President at once!" he gasped.

We informed the telephone man that Father Coolidge had gone to awaken his son and daughter, and would return soon.

Lights began to gleam through the narrow staircase, at the top of which the President and the future mistress of the White House were presumably dressing. There was a rustling of a skirt. There was a shuffling of shoes. Hours seemed to elapse. We correspondents were wondering if the President ever would come downstairs; whether, if he came, he would violate his reputation for taciturnity; whether, if he did, we could ever reach a telephone or a telegraph station in time to catch even an extra edition of our papers.

One-thirty A.M.!

A girlish, brown-haired figure, attired in a simple dotted Swiss gown, came slowly down the rickety, squeaky stairs. Her face wore a sweet but saddened expression. The woman seemed stunned. It happened that the writer was nearest to the bottom of the staircase when Mrs. Coolidge—for it was she—walked into the room.

Addressing the writer, Mrs. Coolidge said: "It cannot be true! There must be some awful mistake. Poor Mrs. Harding, I do feel so sorry for her! She has been so hopeful, so brave, so loyal and devoted."

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Admonished that the news was only too true, the President's wife added: "We are both shocked. We can hardly believe it. We had been assured that President Harding was on the road to recovery. We are simply astounded by the sudden tragedy."

The telephone despatcher handed Mrs. Coolidge this mutilated message, signed by George B. Christian, secretary to the dead President. It was dated San Francisco, August 2, 7:35 P.M.:

"The President died instantaneously and without warning, and while conversing with members of his family, at 7:30 P.M. (11:30 P.M. New York daylight saving time). Death apparently was due to some brain evolvement [this word, through an operator's blunder, read "environment"], probably an apoplexy.

"During the day he had been free from discomfort and there was every justification for anticipating a prompt recovery."

By the sputtering little lamp Mrs. Coolidge read the message, which had been addressed to the new President. She turned to the writer and said: "That word 'environment' should read 'evolvement.' That means embolism. That means a clot of blood on the brain, the same thing that is reported to have caused the death of former President Roosevelt. Isn't it pitiful?"

"You have no telephone or telegraph service here. We shall gladly wire your message to Mrs. Harding at San Francisco," I suggested.

Mrs. Coolidge expressed her gratitude. She went over to the center table, took up a bit of paper, got a pencil, and wrote:

"Mrs. Warren G. Harding, Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

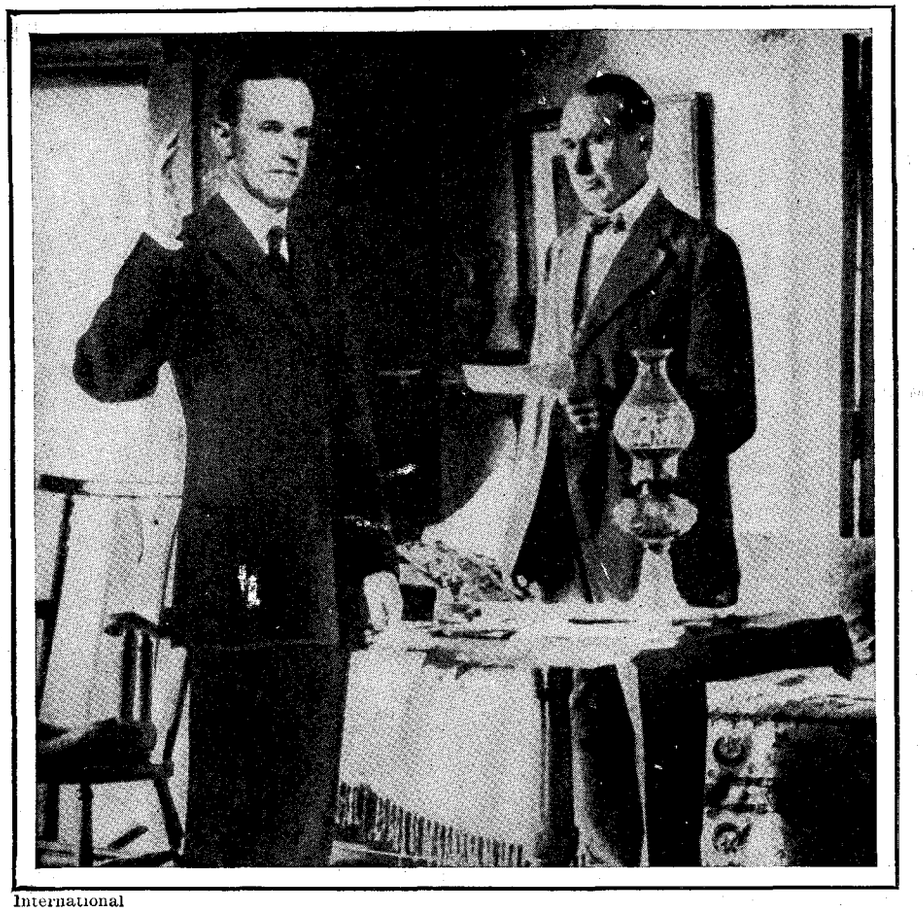
"We offer you our deepest sympathy. May God bless and keep you." (signed) "Calvin and Grace Coolidge."

The writer asked the privilege of then taking the message along. Mrs. Coolidge replied: "Please wait until the President has seen it."

Just here there was a step on the stair. There came from the bottom of the flight an apparition in black. A white face was silhouetted in the flutter of flame from the single lamp. It was the face of the new President. It was ashen in hue. This was intensified by a suit of black, a black tie, and black shoes. The habit had been substituted for a much rumpled gray suit the new President had worn the morning before, when he sat upon the porch swing and exchanged with the correspondents felicities that President Harding was out of danger.

The new President strode silently, almost majestically, into the room. He greeted each of us with a hand-shake. We each addressed him as "Mr. President."

The new President's keen eyes searched ours as if for information.



International

A COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HOW CALVIN COOLIDGE WAS SWORN IN BY HIS FATHER AS PRESIDENT

The actual event took place before daylight, and no photograph was made of the historic scene

There was a tense interval. It was broken by Mr. Atkinson, whom the correspondents had selected as their spokesman.

Approaching the President, he said, in solemn dignity: "Mr. Coolidge, you are the President of the United States. We bring you the sad news of the death of Warren G. Harding."

The President's face grew even more pale, were that possible. He waited a full minute. Then he asked, "Is that absolutely authentic?"

"Absolutely," replied Mr. Atkinson.

Mrs. Coolidge then handed the President the message from Secretary Christian. As he leaned over the table and scrutinized the official report, the President's face grew even sadder. He stoically read and re-read the message. Then he dropped it upon the table. Speechless, he stood for still another minute. Then he turned to Erwin C. Geisser, his acting secretary. With dignity and precision, he said: "Mr. Geisser, will you please come with me into the other room?"

The President and Mr. Geisser started for the room on the left. Father Coolidge had dug up another greasy, flickering lamp. He preceded the President with it. The three disappeared. The door was closed.

Nearly 2 A.M.! Not a line from the President for the many millions who awaited it.

Two-fifteen A.M.! The door opened. The President reappeared with a few sheets of paper. He walked quietly over to Mrs. Coolidge and handed them to her. "Grace," said he, affectionately, "please read this and tell me what you think of it."

Mrs. Coolidge carefully examined the manuscript. She handed it back to the President. She smiled and said, "I think that is fine, Calvin."

The President was about to turn toward the impatient correspondents when Mrs. Coolidge said: "Wait a minute, dear. I want your opinion of this message to Mrs. Harding."

The President read it, handed it back, saying, "That is a very sweet note, Grace."

Mrs. Coolidge gave the message to the writer to wire.

Meantime the President, still silent to the correspondents, handed them individually this, his first message to the American people:

"Reports have reached me that President Harding is gone. The world has lost a great and good man. I mourn his loss. He was my chief and my friend.

"It will be my purpose to carry out the policies which he has begun for the service of the American people, and for meeting their responsibilities wherever they may arise. For this purpose I shall seek the co-operation of all those who have been associated with the President during his term of office.

"Those who have given their efforts to assist him, I wish to remain in

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International

PRESIDENT AND MRS. COOLIDGE IN THE GARDEN OF THE OLD HOME AT PLYMOUTH, VERMONT, THE POST-VILLAGE WHERE THE PRESIDENT WAS BORN AND SPENT HIS BOYHOOD DAYS

office, that they may assist me. I have faith that God will direct the destinies of our Nation.

"It is my intention to remain here until I can secure the correct form of oath of office, which will be administered to me by my father, who is a notary public, if that will meet with the necessary requirements. I expect to leave for Washington to-day."

The correspondents glanced hastily through the document. The unprecedented feature was the announcement that the President was to take the oath of office from his father, a mere notary public. I asked the President: "Has it not been invariably the custom that a President should be sworn in by a Justice of the United States Supreme Court?"

The President replied: "Maybe. But it is good law, in my judgment, that a President can be sworn in by anybody who has authority to administer an oath, even if that body happens to be his father."

It is understood that prior to taking the oath the President received an opinion from a very high judicial authority that he was right. This judgment was afterward confirmed by Chief Justice William H. Taft, of the United States Supreme Court.

With the understanding that we should return for the swearing in, if we could, we parted with the new President. As we started out of the room where we had been chatting with him a gang of men was installing a telephone in the adjoining one. It was the first ever put up in the old farmhouse. The President had been using an antiquated one at the general store across the street until a few days before. Then it went out of commission.

As we departed from the Coolidge homestead we took the precaution to ask a mutual friend to phone us the moment the President had taken the oath. He fulfilled our request promptly later.

Into the old motor car we piled about 2:30 A.M. We prayed that we might find at the bottom of the mountain our telegraph and telephone operators on the *qui vive*. At the hotel, which we reached at exactly 3 A.M., Hagerty jumped out, yelling: "Rush over to the station. See if the telegraph operator is on the job. I will risk it by telephone for a while."

I dashed over to the station, a half-mile away. The operator was at his post. He had keys open to both the New York "Times" and New York "American" offices, and was howling for "copy." I wrote just a line of lead to the President's initial official utterance and told the operator to "fire away." He did it in splendid shape. Meantime I pounded away on an old typewriter a story of the night and morning's incidents. What I wrote I could not recall until I reached New York that night and saw the special in the paper. Directing the operator to hold the keys open until my return, no matter when, I ran back to the hotel and rejoined my comrades. They had telephoned their New York and Boston offices. They were awaiting me to go back to the "Notch" and witness the swearing in. We reached there too late. The oath had been taken. Coolidge was actually President. He had been sworn in at exactly 3:37 A.M. daylight saving time, under additional dramatic circumstances. They were described to us by our friend who had so kindly flashed the event.

Clustered about the President were these witnesses: Representative Porter H. Dale, of Vermont, who had just resigned to become a candidate for United States Senator; President L. L. Lane, of the Railway Mail Association; Joseph H. Fountain, editor of the Springfield (Vermont) "Reporter;" Edwin C. Geisser, the President's assistant secretary; Joseph McInierney, the President's chauffeur; and Mrs. Coolidge. These grouped themselves about the old table, on which still burned the smoky kerosene lamp. The old family Bible was alongside it. Father Coolidge took up his station on one side of the table. The President with Mrs. Coolidge faced him.

Elder Coolidge asked his son to raise his right hand. The President obeyed. Elder Coolidge then read the following oath, the form of which had been phoned from Washington but a few minutes before:

"I, Calvin Coolidge, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and I will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

The President with deep emotion repeated each word of the oath after his father. Then came a pause. Suddenly the President, his hand still uplifted, exclaimed:

"So help me God."

The President paused again. Then he tenderly embraced and kissed his wife. The proud father walked over and seized his son's hand with a crushing grip. The witnesses shook the President's hand. Then neighbors trooped in, and there was quite an affectionate exchange of mingled grief and congratulations.

It was near daylight. The President said to his wife: "We are due at Rutland at 9 A.M. Better hurry with your grip." Mrs. Coolidge disappeared, first to prepare a breakfast of corn-cakes and coffee, and then to get ready for her first journey to Washington as the First Lady in the Land. Snap-shotters disturbed the President

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and his wife constantly. They patiently endured the ordeal.

The start for the Rutland station was made just after 7 A.M. One of the correspondents' cars collided with a herd of cattle. A cow turned broadside and bumped up against the motor. The cow went down, got up, and ran away. The motor was a wreck. A substitute had to be procured.

The little procession of cars, headed by the President's limousine, began the trail down the mountain to Rutland, the first leg of the journey to Washington. It was abruptly halted.

The President and Mrs. Coolidge alighted. They walked arm-in-arm to the near-by cemetery. They knelt at the grave of the President's mother.

What inspiration Mr. Coolidge might have secured from this silent communion!

The trail resumed, Rutland was reached just before train time. The President and his wife were installed in the private car of the General Manager of the Rutland Railroad Company. The story of the trip to Washington has been told again and again in the daily newspapers.

THE GREAT FARM PROBLEM—OVERPRODUCTION

BY ROLLIN E. SMITH

PERHAPS the greatest problem that confronts the grain grower in the United States to-day is overproduction. He is in the position in which the great manufacturers would be if their factories were automatically being operated full time and could not be closed down when demand slackened. And, conversely, if the manufacturers always had a full-time, full-capacity output facing the market, except when there happened to be a reduction as a result of a breakdown of the machinery, they would be in the position that the American farmer finds himself year after year and generation after generation. Perhaps it should be said that this discussion includes grain crops only. There are some very serious retail marketing problems connected with vegetable and fruit crops.

The farms of the United States are being operated full capacity, relieved only by a little rotation of crops. The only thing that saves the farmers of the country from being overwhelmed by their own crops is that nature occasionally intervenes, and a short crop follows, either in this or some other important producing country.

The farmer cannot regulate production, as the manufacturer does, because of weather uncertainties and insect pests; but he can regulate the acreage sown. The manufacturer does not hesitate to reduce his output to eighty per cent, sixty per cent, or even to thirty per cent of capacity in times of slow demand. The farmer, however, does not feel that he can let part of his land lie idle. Doubtless also he fears that if he reduces the area in any grain the price may be high. So he takes a chance, sows the usual acreage, or increases it, thereby speculating on the possibility that the price may be high; and so he helps to keep the price low.

The following, relative to the acreage and the price of corn, is from an editorial in a prominent farm paper:

> If the farmers of the United States plant less than their usual acreage of corn this spring, and if the weather is somewhat unfavorable, we shall probably see a really sensational advance. The things that are handicapping the powerful interests who seem to want to put corn prices higher are the stocks, which are above normal, and the possibility that the farmers may have been led by the recent strengthening of corn prices to plant more than their customary acreage.

Two points in the foregoing are of particular interest, namely, that unfavorable weather is looked forward to almost hopefully as a factor in curtailing production, and, second, that a strengthening of corn prices may have led farmers to plant more than their customary acreage.

The whole story of the psychology of overproduction and resulting unsatisfactory prices is thus told in one short sentence. Not satisfied with moderate crops and good prices, the farmers of the country are almost with certainty induced by a period of high prices to increase their acreage. Yet high prices after the farmer has marketed eighty per cent to ninety per cent of his crop may be largely artificial, and they will certainly prove elusive if taken as a guide to acreage for the next crop.

THE EXPORTABLE SURPLUS AND THE MARKET

"If the United States raises one bushel of wheat for export, that one bushel will make the price for the entire crop."

The foregoing statement was recently made to the writer by the manager of a large export house. He had had twenty years of experience in the grain business in this country and Europe. In making the statement quoted above the exporter was of course speaking figuratively, and did not expect to be taken literally. Yet it is generally accepted as a fact that the exportable surplus makes the price for the entire crop. The writer does not concur in this view, nor has he ever known of any one trying to prove it. But the statement that the exportable surplus makes the price for the entire crop is made with a glibness that seems to presuppose a demonstrable problem in mathematics.

While it is true that the exportable surplus has a price effect, most of such effect is due to speculation based upon the surplus. If the exportable surplus of wheat is 150,000,000 bushels, for example, speculators will during the early crop-moving season sell short as much more in the futures market. Therefore, in addition to the weight of the crop movement and the accompanying hedging sales, the market is burdened with this enormous pressure of speculative short selling. And then when the price sags day after day and week after week, and finally declines to a level at which European importers step in and buy millions of bushels, it is said the price is on an export basis and the surplus is making the price.

Yet here are the facts in the case: Professional speculators force the price down until the farmers' wheat is on the bargain counter for European buyers. This scene is enacted several times every year when this country produces a large exportable surplus. This is the true picture of the manner in which the surplus makes the price for the entire crop.

Yet European buyers, watching the activities of big speculators, wait for just such bargain counter opportunities.

The remedy is clear, but the difficulty is in applying it. The remedy is up to the wheat growers. It is, in brief, to reduce the wheat acreage until we become an importing country instead of an exporting. If we had to import an average of 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 bushels annually, professional speculators would not find it so attractive to sell the market short. Another remedy is to put a curb upon short selling.

ECONOMICALLY UNSOUND TO EXPORT RAW MATERIAL

It is economically unsound for the United States to export raw materials. To do so on a considerable scale reduces agriculture and some other industries to a competitive basis with all the cheap labor and cheap lands of the world that are engaged in the production of the same materials. Wheat

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has felt the effects of such competition for many years, and cotton is feeling it more and more seriously as the world's cotton crop increases.

Believing it true that the surplus makes the price, the American farmer nevertheless continues to grow a considerable exportable surplus of wheat year after year, notwithstanding low prices and unprofitable average yields per acre. Yet he must acknowledge that when he grows a surplus he is entering into competition with the wheat growers of Australia, Argentina, Rumania, Bulgaria, and, before the war, with Russia (what will happen to the American wheat grower when and if Russia comes back?). The American farmer stakes his high-priced land and labor against the cheap lands and labor of those countries. The result is dissatisfaction; and one reaction has been that demands are being made that the price of wheat be artificially maintained at a high level and that the Government enter the market and carry the load when commercial channels do not function satisfactorily. This is not the logical remedy, and could have but one outcome—failure, heavy loss to the Government, and demoralization of the commercial grain trade.

The only logical and complete defense against a surplus is to eliminate the surplus! Even an efficient co-operative marketing system cannot offset the ill effects of a big exportable surplus.

WHEAT A CHEAP-LAND CROP

Wheat is distinctly a cheap-land crop. To grow it on high-priced land is to bring dissatisfaction to the entire farming community of the important wheat-producing States. It may be set down as a fact that wheat cannot profitably be grown on land that costs over $80 an acre, or perhaps $60. Now here is the proposition: No land is worth over $60 to $80 an acre for wheat growing. Therefore, if Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri are wheat States, then their wheat lands are worth only $60 to $80. But, conversely, if their lands are worth $150 to $250, and even $350 an acre, they are not wheat lands, and the farmers who grow wheat on them, except on a grist-mill basis, are perpetuating an agricultural folly that should have been checked thirty years ago.

IOWA THE WORST OFFENDER

In the matter of growing wheat on high-priced lands Iowa is perhaps the worst offender in this uneconomic practice. Prices of Iowa farm lands in very recent years soared to the greatest inflation level ever recorded in any considerable region, and yet wheat continued to be grown. During the 1909–13 period the average annual production in Iowa was 12,000,000 bushels. But in 1919 the wheat crop of the State was 21,000,000 bushels.

WISCONSIN ABANDONED WHEAT

Iowa might profitably follow the course of wheat production in Wisconsin. The latter State in its early agricultural history, like every Western State, turned to wheat. From 1866 to 1869 Wisconsin produced 20,000,000 to 24,000,000 bushels, and the crop was above 20,000,000 until 1884. A steady decline followed, with diversified farming and dairying succeeding wheat, until the average production dropped to 3,000,000 bushels in the 1909–13 period. There has been a steady increase in corn production in Wisconsin. In the 1909–13 period Wisconsin produced an annual average corn crop of 56,000,000 bushels; but our interest does not stop with the growing of the crop. Almost the entire crop was consumed within the State! Only three per cent of the corn was shipped out of the counties in which it was grown. This means just one thing, namely, that the farmers of Wisconsin produced their own raw material from which to turn out their finished product—hogs and beef and dairy products. To be sure, this could not universally be done, for it would result in as great a surplus in those products as there now is in corn.

Minnesota, second only to North Dakota as a grower of spring wheat, was an important producer in its early history. But the southern part of that State passed its profitable wheat-growing era fifteen to twenty years ago, and the southern counties have practically given up wheat. Continuous "cropping" to wheat and insufficient attention to seed improvement combined with black rust to reduce southern Minnesota's prestige as a grower of choice spring wheat. Corn and dairying have changed, and should still further change, farming in that region. When the writer was a boy in southern Minnesota, corn was an uncertain crop; for no corn had then been developed for a ninety-day growing season. Yet Minnesota has produced over 110,000,000 bushels of corn yearly for three seasons in succession, namely, in 1918, 1919, and 1920, and was the twelfth State in total production, with an average of 72,000,000 bushels, in the 1909–13 period. In the 1909–13 period an average of fourteen per cent of the crop was shipped out of the counties in which grown; yet most of this was consumed in other parts of the State.

THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD OF OVER-PRODUCTION

The real fountain-head of overproduction of wheat is in the Central West and farther east. With the exception of Michigan, those great soft red winter wheat States—namely, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania—have maintained their large areas devoted to wheat with remarkable pertinacity, considering that farm land values were rapidly increasing and many years of discouragingly low wheat prices obtained.

It must be obvious to any one who gives the matter any thought that wheat can be grown at a profit in the States mentioned only in very exceptional years. Why, then, do the farmers of those States continue to grow wheat? A department of any manufacturing or commercial business that could not show a profit—or, rather, which showed a loss season after season—would be lopped off. No business concern would long maintain a department that persistently lost money.

The only reasons that the farmers of those States can advance as an explanation of their continuing to grow wheat on a commercial scale seem to be these: (1) Wheat requires less attention than any other crop except, of course oats, rye, and barley; (2) the farmers would not know what to do with their land if they did not sow it to wheat; and (3) they do not know what it costs to raise wheat. Furthermore, wheat is an early crop and returns ready money in July or August. But back of these factors is a foolish pride in owning and cultivating large farms.

Just as long as this results in wheat being grown in a large way on the high-priced lands of the States mentioned, wheat growing will be unprofitable in every State.

Smaller farms and intensive cultivation by families that regard farming as a small trade seems the only and inevitable remedy for the ills that now have agriculture in their grip.

I would rather have a sure and independent existence on two acres of land, minus the frills that are called luxuries, but which are really superfluities, than be in debt and under constant financial strain and mental worry striving against adverse conditions on a 640-acre farm. Likewise, I would rather own and operate a small repair shop than be an unsuccessful automobile manufacturer.

It seems to me that more two-acre farms and small repair shops, and fewer big farms and manufactories, are the remedy for a large percentage of the existing discontent and lack of success.

I have never observed that the wrens which twitter in the corner of my front porch ever attempt to soar to the clouds like eagles. Yet they thrive and appear contented, and they rear families of other little wrens. May their number increase, for they serve a useful purpose! But an eagle is useless except to pose on a silver coin—or is he on our gold coins also?

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FORMS OF SONG

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

THE LYRICS

I

THE lyrics move with dancing pace,
  Draped in blue veils of fluttering gauze,
That swirl and swing with undulant grace,
  And fall in rhythm to the pause.

II

They know the ways of forest streams,
  They voice the swaying of the trees;
Theirs is the music of long dreams,
  Unmeasured harmonies.

III

The only law that they obey,
  The only wisdom that they teach,
Is to translate the night and day
  In song instead of speech.

IV

And so from grace to grace they glide,
  And play with music as they stand,
And toss the song from side to side,
  With light unerring hand.

V

When I may go where calls the thrush,
  And where the wild brooks laugh apart,
Or where soft leaf-sounds break the hush,—
  Remembered lyrics take my heart.

THE FANTASIES

I

I LOVE the wandering gypsy-blooms of song,
  Praising the wild rose and the violet;
But care not greatly for that masquing throng,—
  Villanelle, rondeau, triolet.

II

Children of fantasy, whose whims they keep;
  Powdered and painted, red-lipped, flower-crowned;
They dance their minuets, with curtsies deep,
  Richly and deftly gowned.

III

I can hum gayly to their turns and quips,
  And whistle to their lilt, a little time;
But when I call a wild song to my lips
  My heart must set the rhyme.

A VISIT TO FREUD

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

ONE of the best-known professors of the University of Vienna, Mr. X, who bears the formerly much envied title of *Hofrat* (Aulic Councilor), has courteously offered to take me to see Freud, his intimate friend. I accept this invitation joyfully, for I had very much desired to meet the celebrated inventor of psychoanalysis during my stay in Austria.

A telephone call. An appointment is made for the next day but one, after lunch.

When one meets a statesman, even the head of a state, no matter how illustrious he may be (this has happened to me in almost every country in the world), he can be accosted freely, on an easy footing, and without any initiation.

It is not the same with philosophers. I devote the two remaining days to re-reading some of Freud's books, especially the "Introduction to Psychoanalysis," which contains a summary of his doctrine.

It is the extreme ingenuity of his theories that strikes the layman. Of this obscure and up to now hardly explored domain of the "unconscious self" which feeds, if it does not even dominate, our intellectual and emotive activity Freud has become the explorer who is as subtle as he is adventurous. He takes us by the hand, lights his lantern, and shows us all our innermost recesses. We follow him—very much interested, sometimes very much astonished, quite often shocked. He throws a blinding light on everything we have in our minds; and the contents of our minds are appalling.

He finds a meaning in our dreams when we did not think they had any. He guides us, like Ariadne, through our hallucinations and our nightmares. Our errors and our "lapses," those of tongue as those of wit, are what he calls "repressed urges;" the thousand ideas of our child life, of our slumbering existence—thanks to him, all that which to us appeared so confused, so vague, so inexplicable—are explained, classified, labeled.

Freud would willingly revive, in his own way, the celebrated saying of La Rochefoucauld, and affirm that all passions, all the sentiments of men, lose themselves in sensuality, or rather in sexuality, as rivers flow into the sea. Even when we have just been born, sexual instinct controls everything in us. We have the impression that Freud always takes us back there with excessive and in more than one case arbitrary complacency. It is the *leit-motif*, the *pièce de résistance*, of his doctrine.

As it is, however, with all its exaggeration this doctrine remains extremely interesting.

So it is with much curiosity, in the company of my amiable introducer, the Aulic Councilor, that I wend my way towards Freud's house in the Berggasse.

A rather vast apartment, containing a large number of works of art, chiefly Egyptian and Greek busts, casts, photographic reproductions. This is the atmosphere, recalling a museum rather than a library, in which Freud receives us.

We see an extremely accentuated Jewish type, the air of an old rabbi just arrived from Palestine, the thin and emaciated face of a man who has passed days and nights discussing with his initiated followers the subtleties of the Law, in whom one feels a very intense brain life and the power of playing with ideas as an Oriental plays with the amber beads of his chaplet.

When he speaks of his doctrine, of his disciples, he does so with a mixture of pride and detachment. However, it is pride that dominates. He is proud of his school, of his numerous disciples, scattered throughout the universe, certain of whom, upon the whole, are not without creating em-

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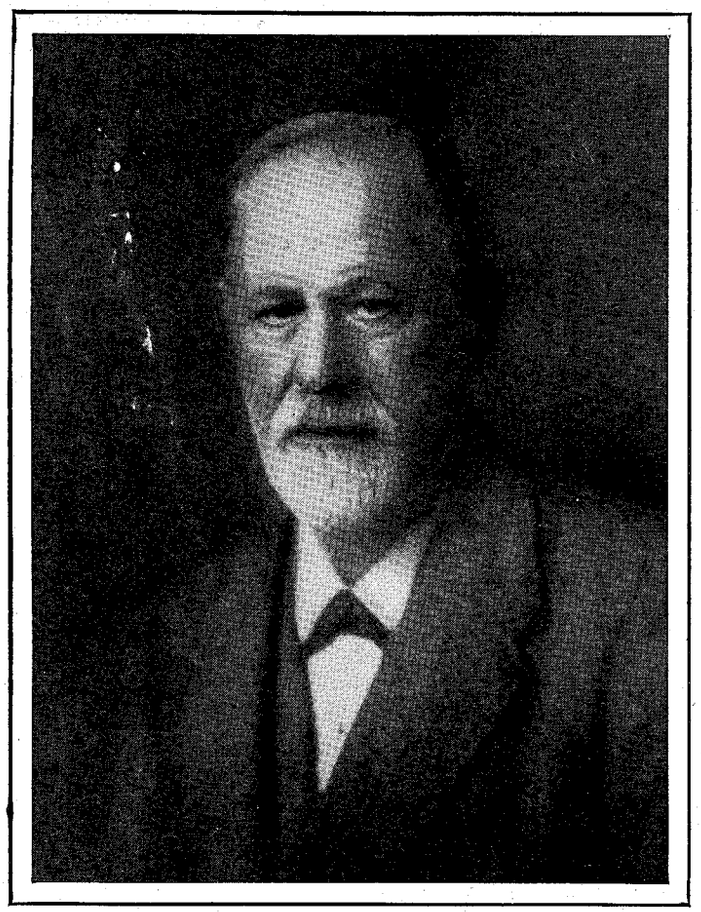

DR. SIGMUND FREUD

barrassment for the master by the over-independent manner in which they interpret his ideas.

We speak of his theories, of the road he follows to bring them into the daylight and spread them.

"The starting-point," he says to me, "is found in Charcot's lessons at the Salpêtrière."

Thereupon Freud shows me the celebrated engraving of Charcot, "The Lesson at the Hospital," on the walls of his study, occupying the place of honor. At the beginning of his career he studied under Charcot at Paris, commencing to study the mechanism of hysteria with him from a purely medical standpoint.

In him—and this is an essential point—the philosopher is combined with the doctor; or rather, he is first of all a doctor, and a philosopher afterwards. He is not content with understanding and explaining, but his first aim is to cure.

It is by studying sick persons that he is able to understand people who are healthy. The abnormal sheds light on the normal.

Starting from disease, Freud always has a tendency to return to it.

Thus the germ of his theories is found in the lessons of Charcot and of Bernheim, a professor at Nancy.

According to the definition of Freud himself, psychoanalysis is essentially a method of treating certain nervous diseases. One of his colleagues in Vienna had the idea of hypnotizing a hysterical person by making him go back, from association to association, up to the source of apparently incoherent words which he had pronounced during his attacks. From that experiment the considerable part played by the unconscious mind was revealed to the young doctor.

However, he separated himself at an early hour from his masters, to found his own doctrine. He reproached them for not attacking the root of the evil, but only its effects. He was thus brought to state precisely and co-ordinate his theories more and more. One of the essential points of it was always the famous "psychical regression," the "talking cure," which consists in forcing the sick person to relate his story and cure himself.

"It is by that," says Freud to me, "that I have been led to my theory of the unconscious mind. The more I followed up my observations, the more was I convinced of their richness, of the full extent of that unconscious mind. It is a vase filled to overflowing, in which it is proper to seek and find the source of our emotive life, not only in disease, but also in a state of health. All our 'repressed urges,' our lapses, our errors, our distractions, our dreams, are connected with more or less repressed sentiments, sometimes innocent, sometimes of a rather improper nature."

"No one," I say to the doctor-philosopher, "excels more than you do in following them on the trail, in tracking them like the most skillful of detectives, and going back, from step to step, to their origin. This origin is hardly ever very pure. But it is surely not your fault!"

And I thought to myself, without daring to speak of it to my interlocutor, of the well-known French line which nine times out of ten would apply rather well to his theories, or rather to those who are the object of them: *"Tout homme a dans son cœur un cochon qui sommeille!"*

Afterwards Freud speaks to us of his pupils, who are scattered all over the vast world, in the New Continent as well as in the Old, of their works, of the Congress which reunites them periodically, of the "Review of Psychoanalysis," which they have founded.

"It is in France that I have the least number of followers," Freud remarks. "My theories have been least studied and made public in France."

"How do you explain this?" I ask.

"I do not really know. I believe that there are many reasons for it. Perhaps politics have something to do with it."

"I can assure you that this is not the case," I say, energetically. "There is no country in the world where people are so ready as in France to welcome ideas from outside, no matter from where they come. Besides, your doctrines have been much talked of lately. A certain number of books and studies and articles have been devoted to them."

"I foresee another explanation," he adds. "As my theories, at least at the commencement, were connected with those of your great Charcot, the French have been less anxious to follow their development on foreign ground, in a foreign spirit and language. They were content with the development that these ideas had taken in your country."

Freud found this explanation forthwith, as if he were playing with it. I have the impression that he found it chiefly to please me; if he had only sought elsewhere, he would have found another—and very different, if not an opposite—explanation.

The extreme facility with which explanations and nascent hypotheses abound in him is most significant. It is even a mark of his nature. If it be a question of interpreting a lapse, above all, a dream, then his ingenuity has really no limits. The explanation of some dreams must be read in the "Introduction to Psychoanalysis." It

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is impossible to push subtlety further, and also, it must be said, fantasy.

"A young woman crosses the drawing-room of her flat and knocks her head against the chandelier suspended from the ceiling; a bleeding wound is the result." Here is apparently a most simple dream. You cannot imagine all the developments that Freud draws from it at once, the analogies and comparisons to which he connects it. Moreover, these comparisons are all of an extremely concrete order. They all go back to some very simple acts. Although the starting-points may be of the most varied kind, the point of arrival is always identical, and always depends as directly as possible on our sexual life.

The mystery of the untrodden swamps and woodlands of South Carolina underlies much of the writing of

Archibald Rutledge

He has never caught the wonder of this virgin land more clearly than in his forthcoming Outlook article

Riding the Ocean

In short, that is the point to which everything leads. This insistence to bring us back to it appears excessive and even, more than once, irritating. For sexual life, even if it does hold an important place, is certainly not everything in man. There are also other things, many other things. Freud persists fearlessly in saying, No. According to him, they are simple, external aspects, under which he claims he can always show us the same eternal reality.

But nothing forces us, fortunately, to believe him. Nothing forces us to see in each one of our fellow-men the lascivious and lustful animal to which he wishes, by force, to prove our relationship.

WATCHING THE WORLD'S WEATHER

BY CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

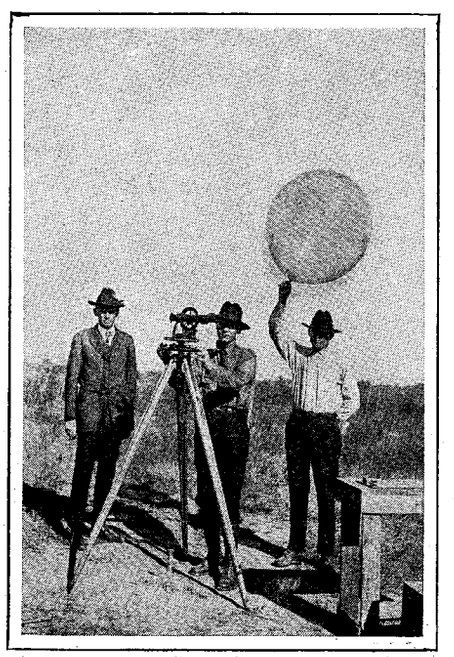
UNITED STATES WEATHER BUREAU

THE weather is a mosaic, the designs of which are revealed only through a comprehensive survey. Isolated observations shed little light upon the vast processes of the atmosphere, just as the experiences of a single soldier give us but a poor idea of the general plan of a battle. In fact, in both cases the fragmentary information afforded is likely to be altogether misleading.

The value of the comparative method in the study of weather is illustrated by an episode in the career of Benjamin Franklin. Everybody has heard how this sage proved lightning to be a manifestation of electricity, but the fact that he made another and far more important meteorological discovery is not so familiar. Let us tell the story in his own words.

Writing from London in 1760, he says: "About twenty years ago, a few more or less, we were to have an eclipse of the moon at Philadelphia, on a Friday evening, about nine o'clock. I intended to observe it, but was prevented by a northeast storm, which came on about seven, with thick clouds as usual, that quite obscured the whole hemisphere. Yet when the post brought us the Boston newspaper, giving an account of the effect of the same storm in those parts, I found the beginning of the eclipse had been well observed there, though Boston lies northeast of Philadelphia about 400 miles. This puzzled me, because the storm began with us so soon as to prevent any observation, and being a northeast storm, I imagined it must have begun rather sooner in places farther to the northeast than it did at Philadelphia. I therefore mentioned it in a letter to my brother, who lived at Boston, and he informed me the storm did not begin with them till near eleven o'clock, so that they had a good observation of the eclipse; and when comparing all other accounts I received from the several colonies, of the time of beginning of the same storm, and since that of other storms of the same kind, I found the beginning to be always later the farther northeastward."

The idea that a storm might travel in a direction opposite to that of the wind was a novelty in Franklin's time, and his discovery was the first step toward a knowledge of the great whirling wind systems that we now call cyclones and anti-cyclones.



BEGINNING A PILOT-BALLOON OBSERVATION

Such observations have become a regular part of the daily survey of the atmosphere. The drift of the balloon is watched through a theodolite, and shows the state of the winds aloft

CO-OPERATION IN STUDYING WEATHER

Concerted efforts to solve the mysteries of the weather run back to the year 1654, when a corps of meteorological observers was organized under the auspices of Grand Duke Ferdinand II, of Tuscany. One of the most interesting facts about this pioneer enterprise is that the participants (mostly Jesuit priests), who kept up weather observations on a more or less uniform plan for thirteen years, were not confined to Tuscany, nor even to Italy. In other words, the earliest co-operative undertaking in weather observation gave due recognition to the fact that the atmosphere knows no political boundaries.

During the eighteenth century there were at least four similar experiments in international meteorology. The most important was that carried out by the Meteorological Society of the Palatinate, founded at Mannheim, Germany, in 1780. This Society secured the services of capable observers widely distributed over the world: viz., fourteen in Germany, two in Austria-Hungary, two in Switzerland, four in Italy, three in France, four in Belgium and Holland, three in Russia, four in Scandinavia, one in Greenland, and two in North America (at Bradford and Cambridge, Massachusetts). Unsuccessful efforts were made to obtain observations from Java, Labrador, and Iceland. Instructions were drawn up in Latin for the guidance of the observers, who were all supplied with instruments of uniform pattern. Lastly, the records of this far-flung system of weather stations down to

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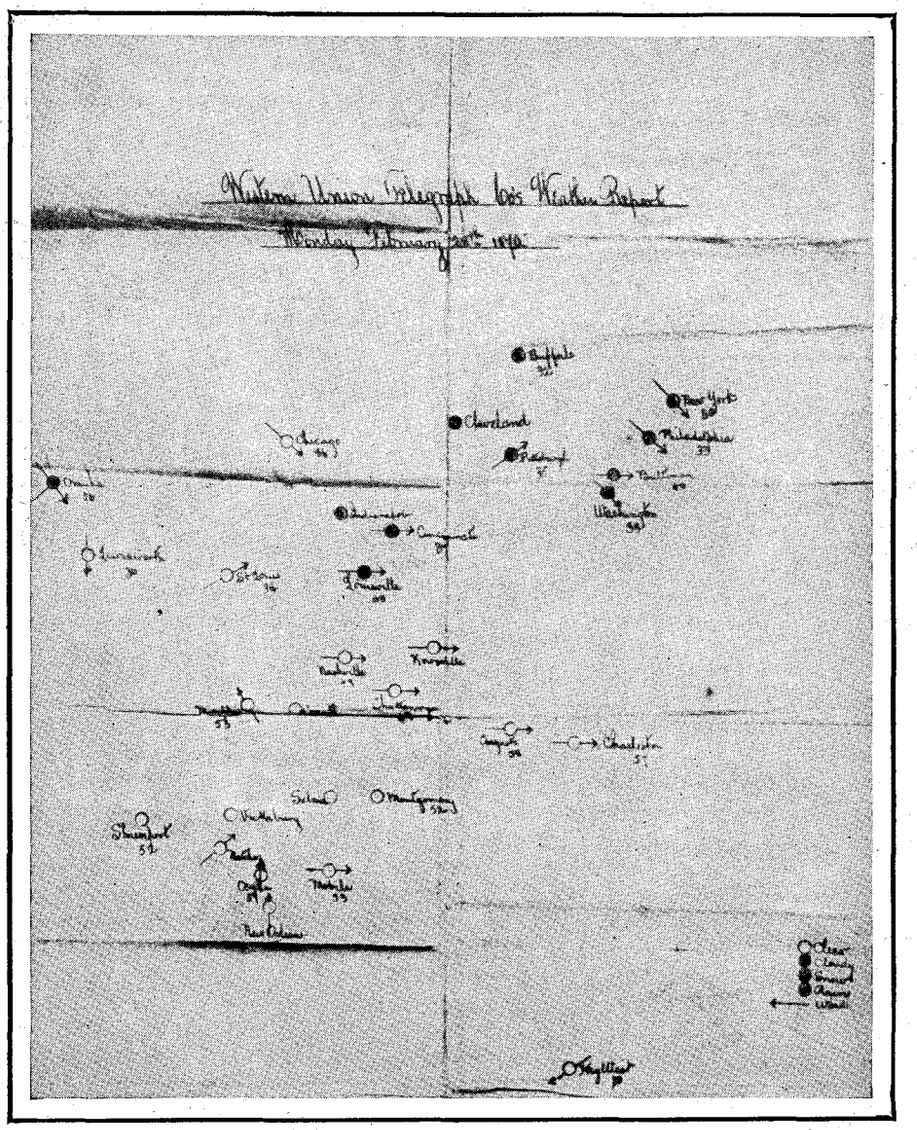

A PRIMITIVE AMERICAN WEATHER MAP

Specimen of the maps issued at Cincinnati in 1869 and 1870 by the Western Union Telegraph Company, in co-operation with the Cincinnati Observatory. The object-lesson furnished by this experimental undertaking induced Congress to establish a National Weather Service in 1870

the year 1792 were published in twelve quarto volumes, copies of which are now among the rare treasures of meteorological libraries.

These records made possible the construction of the earliest weather maps, though they were not contemporary with the work of the Society. About 1820 the German physicist H. W. Brandes, using data from the Mannheim reports and a few other sources, was able to chart the weather over Europe, day by day, for the whole of the year 1783. Meteorologists deplore the fact that these interesting charts are no longer extant.

DAILY WEATHER PICTURES

What is the weather doing to-day? And what will it do to-morrow? If you are interested merely in conditions prevailing in your own locality, an answer to the first question can be obtained by a glance out of the window. A thousand contingencies may, however, arise that make you solicitous about the weather far from home—a precious cargo afloat upon the high seas, a speculation in wheat at a critical stage of crop development, a momentous baseball game, or what not. Then your answer is to be sought on the face of a weather map. As to to-morrow's weather, local or otherwise, the map is the only trustworthy guide. If you cannot read its indications yourself, there is generally an official expert at hand to interpret it for you.

Daily weather maps, drawn from telegraphic reports and published with remarkable rapidity, are among the latter-day marvels that we accept as a matter of course, though there are men among us hardly yet gray-headed who remember when nothing of the kind was known in this country. The earliest rudimentary specimens were issued at Cincinnati in 1869 by the late Cleveland Abbe. Official maps were first published by the Signal Corps in 1870. European weather maps were first printed regularly in France in 1863.

Weather is world-wide, but weather maps are not, as yet. Only one of the South American republics—Argentina—issues such maps, and none are published in Africa south of the equator. Nearly all weather maps are international, and are based on a telegraphic interchange of reports among different countries. Canadian and Cuban stations figure on the maps published in the United States; European maps generally embrace the greater part of Europe. A Eurasian map was published by Russia before her downfall. A map which included reports from a chain of stations extending around the globe was published by the United States Weather Bureau for a few months just prior to the World War, and to-day the official forecaster at Washington has at his disposal a daily weather map, in manuscript, including nearly the whole of North America and western Europe, a fringe of stations in the Far East, and various patches of intervening oceans. When the Russian meteorological service is rehabilitated, we shall have something approximating a weather map of the Northern Hemisphere, and it is likely that this map will be issued in printed form.

The daily surveys of the atmosphere as embodied in weather maps have lately undergone two notable extensions. A few years ago a great obstacle to the prompt preparation of such maps—and hence a serious detriment to their utility when prepared—was the slowness of telegraphic transmission of reports, especially in the Old World, where a multitude of frontiers had to be crossed. Radio broadcasting has changed all this. At present wireless telegraphy has almost completely supplanted wire telegraphy for the interchange of European weather reports, and has also made possible rapid exchange of reports between Europe and America. The European have worked out an elaborate schedule according to which each country has certain assigned hours for broadcasting the reports collected within its own territory, generally giving the results of observations made four times a day, and in some cases at more frequent intervals. Certain high-power radio stations also send out international collective reports. Thanks to radio, vessels at sea obtain the same meteorological information that is received at places ashore, and they return the compliment by transmitting wireless reports of their own weather observations both to the land and to other vessels. Thus wireless, besides greatly accelerating the construction of weather maps, has extended their limits far out over the oceans. Sailors are now able to draw their own weather charts *en voyage*, and thus keep constant watch of the movement of storms. The project of a "floating weather bureau" has lately been talked of. As was demonstrated a few

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OBSERVATORY OF THE EBRO, TORTOSA, SPAIN

One of a world-wide system of meteorological and geophysical observatories maintained by the Jesuit order. This institution is devoted especially to the study of possible relationship between solar and terrestrial phenomena

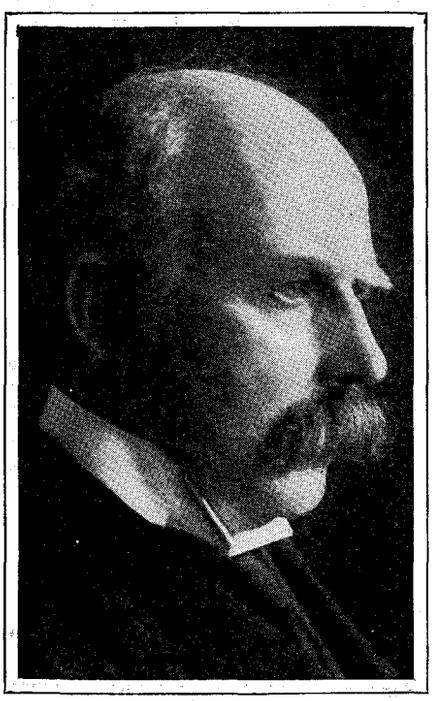
months ago by French and American meteorologists on board the French training ship Jacques Cartier, it is feasible to keep up a regular forecasting service in mid-ocean, with the aid of the wireless weather reports sent out from the Eiffel Tower, Arlington, etc., and those received from vessels within range of communication.

The other innovation in charting the weather is still in its earliest stage. Weather used to mean the vicissitudes of the atmosphere at the earth's surface, but the development of aeronautics has given it a vertical dimension. The air pilot wants reports and charts of winds and "visibility" at various levels above the earth, and he wants them to show conditions actually prevailing at the time of his flight, rather than those on the programme for the next twenty-four or thirty-six hours. His problem is therefore somewhat different from that which has hitherto confronted the forecaster, and its complete solution is not yet in sight. Nevertheless upper-air weather maps, useful as far as they go, are now published regularly in two or three countries of Europe, and are prepared in manuscript, to provide data for "flying forecasts," in this country and elsewhere. To supply material for such maps nearly all meteorological services now maintain stations at which regular observations of the air aloft are made by means of pilot balloons or kites.

THE METEOROLOGICAL LEAGUE OF NATIONS

There are probably more than 35,000 meteorological stations throughout the world. Most of them exist primarily for the purpose of collecting climatic statistics, but there are several hundred that contribute their reports, by wire or wireless, to the daily weather maps, and thus provide a basis for forecasts. Nearly every civilized country has its network or *réseau* of weather stations, reporting to a central observatory.

When a meteorologist scans a map of the globe, he sees in his mind's eye this impressive host of lookout posts, with here and there some great establishment looming forth among them. In the Far East he sees the two chief weather guardians of the China coast, the Zikawei and Hongkong Observatories, and Manila Observatory, famous for its typhoon warnings. In Europe he sees the unique aeronautical observatory at Lindenberg, the "kite station" on Lake Constance, the lofty stations on the Pic du Midi and the Sonnblick, the splendidly equipped Observatory of the Ebro, and a vast number of institutions of more conventional type. Far to the northward he beholds lonely outposts lately established in Spitsbergen, Jan Mayen, and eastern Greenland, all linked to forecasting headquarters by the magic of radio.



SIR NAPIER SHAW, F.R.S.

As President of the International Meteorological Committee he is "clerk of the weather" for the whole world

This imposing machinery for watching the world's weather is still defective in two respects:

It is very unevenly distributed over the globe. There are immense areas of land—to say nothing of the ocean—that not only furnish no telegraphic weather reports, but lack weather stations of any sort. It is a paradox that, in our age of ardent exploration, many regions remain climatic *terræ incognitæ*.

International solidarity has not yet been fully attained. Meteorologists had, to be sure, their league of nations, in the shape of the International Meteorological Committee, long before the politicians, and this body, which is made up of the directors of leading national weather services, now has a rival, with somewhat indefinite functions, provided by the post-bellum International Geophysical Union. Complete unity of effort awaits, however, the establishment of a real "world weather bureau" and a world-wide network of stations regularly reporting thereto.

This is the dream of a world system long cherished by meteorologists, and now likely soon to be realized, thanks to the facilities of intercommunication afforded by radiotelegraphy.

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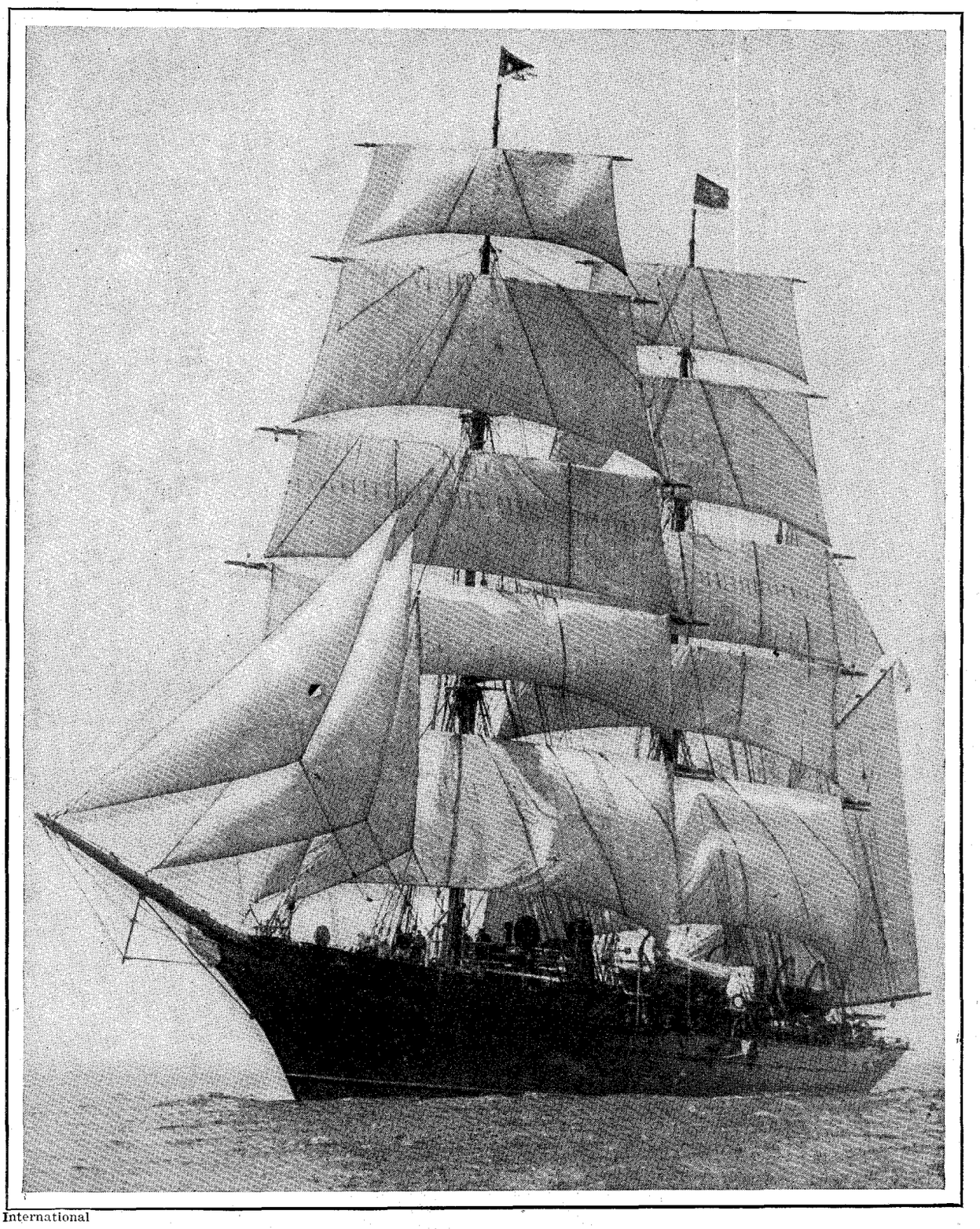
PART OF A BRAVE TRADITION



International

THE AUXILIARY BARK ALOHA

This square-rigger belongs to Arthur Curtis James, a deep-water sailor who has followed in the wake of Lord Brassey to the far places of the earth. It seems hardly possible that even a rabid Socialist would begrudge Mr. James his yacht if Mr. James would only keep it moving up and down the coast under full sail. This photograph was taken near Newport

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THE BOOK TABLE

AN EPIC OF THE NORTH SEAS

BY ROBERT D. TOWNSEND

THE hard life of the fishermen of the high seas has often been depicted in fiction. Pierre Loti writes of it in a romantic, exotic way, as his race and temperament direct. Johan Bojer, on the contrary, is a Scandinavian, impelled by the idea that the ancient courage and endurance of the Vikings has come down into the life of the Norwegian fishermen of to-day. His "Last of the Vikings"[1] follows the obsession of Myran, the fisher captain, who *will* go out to fight his enemies—the storms, the rocks, and the waves—though he might well and easily leave the sea for the farm. His son and his mates are his battle companions. The life they lead is exactly described by one writer as one of "almost unimaginable rigor and hardship, bravely borne and described with the utmost simplicity."

To be simple and yet to strike home with human directness and with seemingly unconscious dramatic power is given to few romanticists. Rightly, I think, this epic of sea conflict and its background of the tragedy and tenseness of the home life of the sea fighters make it a literary sea piece that may well be bracketed with Hamsun's epic of the farm lands, "The Growth of the Soil," as marking the high tide of Scandinavian literature in our day. The translation is excellent in that it keeps the spirit of the author without pandering to literalism.

We are told that Bojer is read and known in England as well as on the Continent, and that several of his books have been widely translated. "The Last of the Vikings" is, I believe, the first of his stories to be published in English in this country. It definitely proves him to be a master in his own field—and that field is not solely the sea and its power to draw to it human heroism and to evolve men of daring and infinite strength to endure. No; his effort succeeds in using insight to depict character; or, as the English critic William Archer says, "The greatness of the book lies in its profound humanity."

It ought to be added that in common with most Scandinavian fiction this story is not particularly cheerful, although there are bright glints of humor and of the charm of love penetrating the gloom of storm and stress. Neither will it be always pleasing to delicate-minded readers, who might perhaps prefer to have rough and tough sea-fighting fishermen talk like yachtsmen at a regatta ball. We see the fisher people here as they are, and may be all the better for the tang of coarse manners and speech that marks these "toilers of the sea."

A sound piece of writing and an obviously true seascape drawn from nature is this powerful romance of the Lofoten Islands.

[1] The Last of the Vikings. By Johan Bojer. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $2.

PROTESTANT FRIENDS OF A CATHOLIC COUNTRY

BY GINO SPERANZA

ON a certain occasion during the World War it happened that Dr. John Nollen, the Director of the Y. M. C. A. work in Italy, found himself on the same train with our then Secretary of War, who was going to visit the Italian front. Secretary Baker, wishing to know about the Y work, asked one of his staff, a colonel, to go and tell Dr. Nollen that the Secretary of War wished to speak to him. The colonel found the Director surrounded by Italian officers, who wanted to know exactly what Dr. Nollen's rank was and who could not believe that he had no military "handle" to his name. The Y Director, who, despite his being an Iowa Dutchman and a college president, is a good deal of a wit, on receiving the summons, said in Italian to his eager questioners: "Gentlemen, if the Secretary of War picks out a colonel to come and ask me to see him, you can easily work out my exact hierarchical position in this train-load of army officers!"

I cite this little story to show the simple and easy friendliness which existed between the Italian soldiers and the American Y workers in that much-tried land during the great conflict. It is this fine, simple, human relationship which Professor Wannamaker's new book on the Y. M. C. A. on the Italian front vividly presents to us.[1]

If I were to sum up in a few words the outstanding character of that American organization at the Italian front during the war, I should say it was its most natural and unassuming spirit of friendliness. Its officers had neither rank nor titles—no, not even spurs, as some other near-military civil officials from America loved to wear down the Corso in Rome! And there was no attempt at "evangelization" by these workers, no second thought, no secret hope of getting a foothold in Catholic Italy; only the simple and constant labor of trying to make the life of the Italian *fantoccine* a little easier, a little more comfortable, and a little brighter.

The basis of the success of this unassuming but most helpful undertaking was a profound understanding in the Y workers—and notably in Dr. Nollen and his personal staff—of the psychology and of the spirit which animated the Italian people in the Great War. It was this understanding which made possible a co-operation between Americans and Italians of so intimate and fine a character as, I think, has been rarely equaled in the record of civilian international "spiritual alliances." So that Professor Wannamaker can justly say: "A few hundreds of Americans in the uniform of the 'Y' moved freely among Italians under conditions so unusual that conflicting elements in the two national types were almost wholly subordinated to elements which harmonized and co-operated. For whatever success the 'Y' may have attained in endeavoring to play its part in the last year of the great struggle between Italy and Austria, a very large portion of the credit belongs to the Italian officers who facilitated its undertakings, other influential Italians who co-operated generously, faithful Italian employees, and the soldiers detailed to the Fratellanza (Y. M. C. A. Brotherhood) service."

It is unfortunate that the author should have included in this plain story of international co-operation of the finest sort an over-detailed and cumbersome list of "acknowledgments" of all and sundry who contributed to the success of the work. The undertaking was big enough and fine enough to make all who contributed to its success satisfied with anonymity. The insertion in the very heart of the book of all these personal data detracts especially from what is otherwise a splendid synthetic picture of Italy at war.

It seems to me that the Second Chapter—"The Home Front"—lights up one phase of Italian life and activity in the war as no other publication, pamphlet, or report in English has done, and the First and Ninth Chapters, dealing more specifically with military topics, are distinct

[1] With Italy in Her Final War of Liberation: A Story of the "Y" on the Italian Front. By Olin D. Wannamaker. With an Introduction by Allan Chester Johnson. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.75.

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contributions to the study of Italy's military participation in the World War.

There is so much that is new and so much that is freshly told in these pages that the book is vivid and readable even so many years after the conflict was closed.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

ACCORDING TO GIBSON. By Denis Mackail. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Gibson is an accomplished and stupendous liar, and his strange adventures are told with the utmost apparent seriousness to a man who hardly knows him whenever the two meet in their club. There are any number of surprises and temptations to hearty laughter in these stories, which are unique in their pretense of sober reality.

LUNATIC AT LARGE AGAIN (THE). By J. Storer Clouston. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

The readers of this story and its predecessor will be only too willing that this particular lunatic should escape again and again. He is as clever as he is irresponsible, and the way in which he baffles pursuers, outwits deep-plotting villains, and makes the route of true love smooth is a marvel of high spirits.

OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS. By Stephen Leacock. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.

Parodies on plays have been not uncommon; but these "dramas" by Mr. Leacock do not burlesque individual plays or authors, but hold up for amusement types of play-writing, such as the old-fashioned melodrama, the "piffle play," the movie film of the Wild West, and, best of all to our liking, the classical play as presented in the original Greek by college students. Here is a brief excerpt from the typical English translation kindly furnished by the college authorities of "Oroastus," by Diplodocus:

> *Chorus.* Oh, how unhappy is this now-standing-before-us King!
>
> *Herald.* Your palace, O King, has on the one hand been destroyed by fire and your crown, which in and of itself for the most part signified your kingship, has on the other hand been stolen.

THRIFTY STOCK, AND OTHER STORIES. By Ben Ames Williams. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.00.

Mr. Williams made an enviable reputation as a writer of sea stories with the virility of Jack London and some qualities that were not native to that writer. In this volume Mr. Williams shows quite successfully that he can deal with a different class of fiction subjects. One considerable group of the stories tells of the people of a village called Fraternity—a real village, the author tells us, certainly one that furnishes extremely pleasing local color and material for character depiction.

BIOGRAPHY

MIND THAT FOUND ITSELF (A). By Clifford Whittingham Beers. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

One may take this book up with a certain aloofness, scenting a study in morbid psychology; but as the reader goes on, the story becomes of absorbing interest and he is not content to stop until he has arrived at the last page. The book has been compared in its interest to a novel; but it has, what is perhaps uncommon in present-day novels, a "happy ending" that has proved itself of great value to the mentally afflicted. In all our personal reading we do not remember a more striking exemplification of the Pauline aphorism, "No chastening for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness," than Mr. Beers's account of his misfortune and the great gain to human welfare that has resulted from it.

POETRY

CHILD'S DAY (A). By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Winifred Bromhall. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.75.

Has there been—since Stevenson—a children's poet so aptly and genuinely endowed for the rôle as Walter de la Mare? Another name does not come readily to mind. "A Child's Day," published first in England in 1912, and now brought out in a new edition here, reveals again Mr. de la Mare's ability to do that most difficult of all feats of juvenile literature—to write of the child's world from within the child's mind. The look worn by these verses is not that of a supercilious adult condescension, but the sober or smiling expression of childhood's own reaction to the world about it. The same qualities of wide-eyed wonder and simple joy and shuddering awe which are in the author's "Peacock Pie" are in evidence here. One finds cause for regret in only a rare and occasional awkwardness of versification. The verses are in the form of a chronicle of a child's day—from waking and tub, to supper and bed. The various stages are touched with a spirited imaginativeness that could scarcely fail to capture the interest of children to whom they may be read. The poetry is simple without being silly, and delicate without being thin.

PETERBOROUGH ANTHOLOGY (THE). Compiled and with an Introduction by Jean Wright Gorman and Herbert S. Gorman. The Theatre Arts, Inc., New York. $2.

The expressed purpose of this volume is to show the kind of poet who goes to the MacDowell Colony, at Peterborough, New Hampshire. The result is, on the whole, impressive. The list of contributors includes a surprisingly large number of names distinguished in American poetry, and the high level of performance suffers only occasionally in the 202 pages.

The Introduction by the compilers offers a serviceable exposition of the character and purpose of the MacDowell Colony as a sane and serious workshop for artists with something to do. It is in no sense a Greenwich Village artist colony, flowing with ties and hair and theories, but a retreat where the serious worker in any of the seven arts may retire for a period from the distractions of the world and under the most favorable conditions translate his powers and impulses into the fullness of achievement. The Colony represents the realization of a dream harbored by the late Edward MacDowell, the composer, and developed through the practical genius of Mrs. MacDowell.

The collection of poets here offered represents divergent tendencies in the art, and brings together such widely different performances as those of E. A. Robinson, Maxwell Bodenheim, Padraic Colum, and Lola Ridge. Some hint of the variety of the poetry, as well as of the distinction of the contributors, may be had when to the names already given are added those of Hermann Hagedorn, Josephine Preston Peabody, Eunice Tietjens, and Elinor Wylie.

The quality of the poetry is such as might be expected where such contributors predominate. In some instances one encounters work that would not be found in this superior company except for the common Peterborough association; but the impression from a reading of the book through is of much excellent and various poetry.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

HIDDEN LIVES. By Leonora Eyles. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

WHATEVER GODS. By Maurice Samuel. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

ART OF THE PRIMA DONNA (THE). By Frederick H. Martens. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

BIOGRAPHY

CHIEF MINISTERS OF ENGLAND (THE). By Hon. Clive Bigham. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $8.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

AMBITION. By Leonie Aminoff. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

SAILOR TOWN DAYS. By C. Fox Smith. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

TRIFLES AND TRAVELS. By Arthur Keyser E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

REACTIONISM. By John D. Boyle. G. P. Putnam Sons, New York. $2.

SCIENCE

LIFE OF THE SCORPION (THE). By J. Henri Fabre. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50

MISCELLANEOUS

EDITORIALS OF HENRY WATTERSON (THE). By Arthur Krock. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.50.

TRAINING FOR POWER AND LEADERSHIP By Grenville Kleiser. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.

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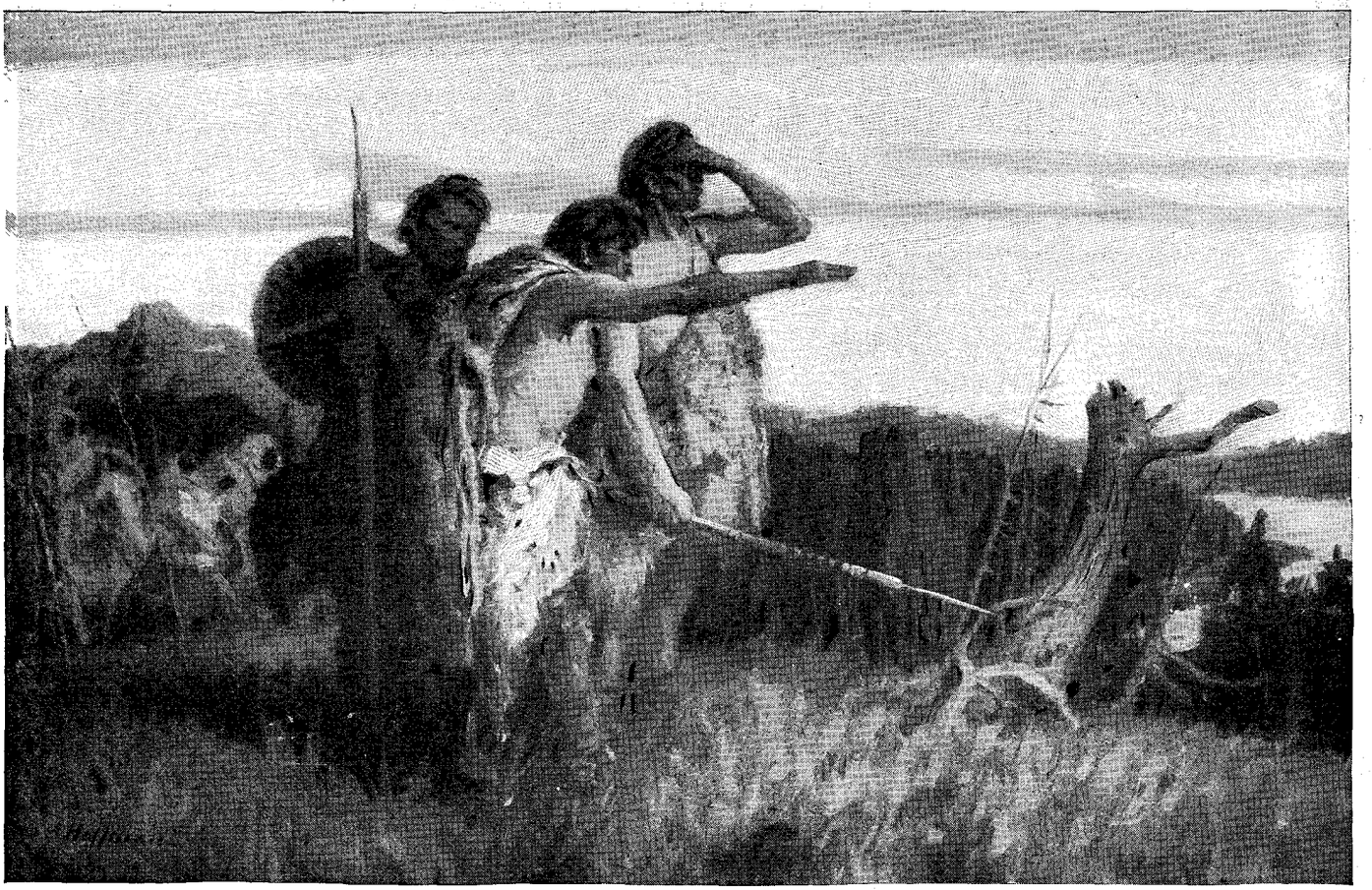
"FOR WE LIVE BY HOPE AND BY DESIRE..?"—*WILLIAM WORDSWORTH*



THE QUEST OF HEART'S DESIRE

Man forever seeks the rainbow's end.

—The Aryans rumbling across the face of the world in their primitive wagons;

—Moses leading his people to the Promised Land;

—The Pilgrims sailing out from Plymouth Harbor for a home across the seas.

All of these have gone upon man's ancient quest for happiness. It is the quest of all of us—some to win to "Heart's Desire" . . . some to fail.

* * *

It is this age-old urge that has brought and is bringing new thousands into the Pacific Northwest year by year.

Some few, of course, have failed to find contentment. But millions more have found life brimming. Millions have discovered here a homeland where there is a joy in mere existence. Assuredly, you too will find it so.

You too will find a glorious climate, tempered in the eastern sections by the warm Chinook winds; in the west by the Japan current, so that roses bloom the year around. A land of brilliant sunshine, with nights that are always cool. A climate, in fine, for hard work, hard play and a gusto for the gifts of life.

And you will find health. The mortality rate in the Pacific Northwest is lower than for any other similar group of States. The infant mortality is especially low.

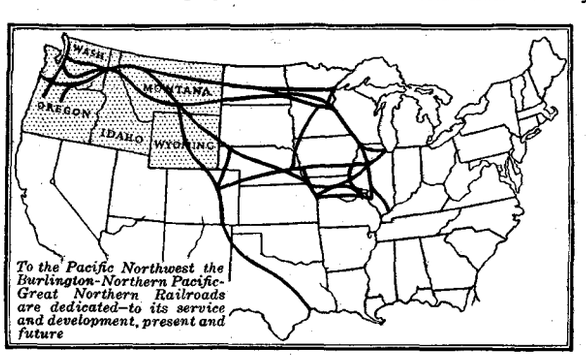
You and your children will know the out-of-doors—a wonderful out-of-doors of inspiring mountains, virgin woods, lakes and streams and wild-flowers. It will be round you always, easily and quickly reached.

In the splendid, clean, thoroughly modern and thoroughly American cities—with their fine churches, schools, colleges, and centers of social life; in the thriving, pleasant towns and villages; on the farms and great ranches—everywhere throughout the Pacific Northwest you will meet with people who are happy at their work, people who play with enthusiasm, people who seem to have absorbed some of the fineness, the beauty and largeness of the land in which they live.

* * *

There are today some three and a half million of these people. They have room for as many neighbors more.

Here where life is richer and fuller, there is room for you. Here, in a homeland, where new thousands every year are learning how to really *live*, in a land dedicated to equal opportunity and a man's chance for every man, there is a place for you. You owe it to yourself and yours to learn about it further.



To the Pacific Northwest the Burlington-Northern Pacific-Great Northern Railroads are dedicated—to its service and development, present and future

Write for interesting booklet,
"There is a Happy Land"

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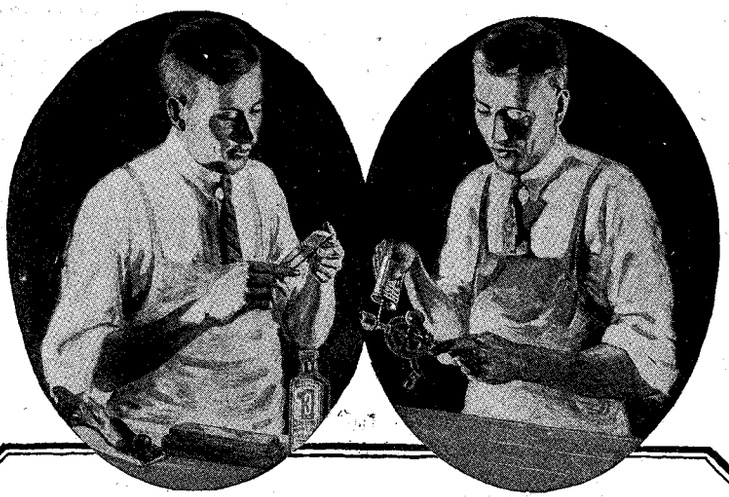

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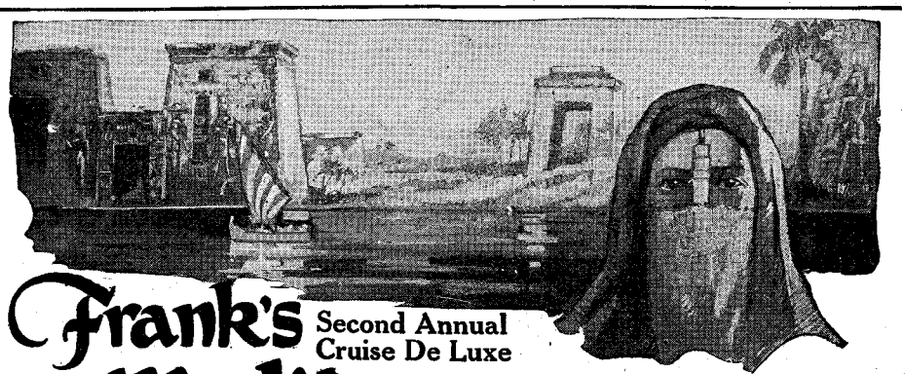

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OUT OF A JOB

BY H. P. T.

A FEW friends were gathered abou my table. They were all, like myself, mothers; and all, also like myself, facing the time when our children were emerging into manhood and womanhood with their independence and consequent lessening dependence on us. After discussing many phases of modern young people, one mother said, with a good deal of bitterness: "It is all a failure; we work and sacrifice ourselves for our children, and they do not appreciate it or show any gratitude."

A dead silence. We all felt the mother's tragedy—old, and yet ever new when it comes to each of us. Then I said: "Yes, a failure if we are working only for gratitude; but if we are working to make them fine men and women and they turn out to be so then our work is a success whether we ever win recognition or not."

It is of course the distinctly personal element which makes parents expect gratitude. In other lines the worker knows that, not only may he never be rewarded, but that usually the only reward for work is more work and harder work. And I think that is what we women must expect and work toward, lest we be left with empty hands and weary hearts. If we have done our work well, we literally work ourselves out of a job, for we are striving to create characters which shall be independent of us. Some mothers find that their careers as mothers continue, for they may be left with a dependent child or with little grandchildren to care for. But generally speaking, our mother jobs are over some time in middle life, and as Mrs. Wiggs tells us, "If you get knocked out of one plan, you want to git yerself another right quick before yer sperrits has a chance to fall."

I am not speaking of those women who have some marked talent like painting, writing, or music, and so have a hobby which they can turn into a business, if they wish, or who can give great pleasure with their gifts. Neither do I speak of women of wealth and leisure who have been able to make a vocation of charity or politics. I am speaking of the rank and file of women on moderate incomes whose job of housewife and mother has kept them confined, if not fully occupied, the greater part of the day. It is these women to whom the suddenly empty house and unexpected leisure hours bring the pang of wondering why the man has an ever-increasing interest in his job and she a lessening interest in hers.

So I advise women to begin working out of their job years before the job leaves them, and to try to study along some line which will work them into another job. We can do it in many ways while never leaving undone any

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part of our mothering job. Of course if we are simply looking for recreation for our old age there are always bridge and the movies, but I am talking of "jobs." And I believe all we middle-aged women need jobs even more than the young girls do, for they still have all the thrills of life ahead of them.

What the job is to be each must decide for herself; but if we have learned anything of the human side of life we should be fitted to take up some of the larger humanities of the world. I have just been reading Mr. Lothrop Stoddard's "Revolt Against Civilization," and any thoughtful person must surely feel after reading it that it is as necessary to weed out the degenerate and vicious in the upper class as in the lower. This can be done only by our working *within* our own circle and standing for higher morals, finer ideals, and conformity to the laws of our country; only in this way can we weed out the weaklings of our own set. It is so little each one of us can do, but every little helps; so one way we middle-aged women can still be on our mothering jobs is to make our homes reach out beyond our own families and stand for something in the community. Long before the little ones fly from the nest we can begin some course of study or line of thought which will put our matured judgment at the service of the world. Mr. Stoddard makes us feel that biology, eugenics, and mental hygiene are valuable allies in this regenerative process. Let us each think straight and help every one around us to think straight, and we are at once contributing to the mental strength and moral courage of the world. In following along some such line of thought we may each find our niche in some one of the organizations which are working for race betterment. If as mothers we have worked only for results and with no thought of reward, we should be fitted for some share in this larger work.

WANTED—CARTOONS

THE OUTLOOK wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspapers. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost the dollar bills to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

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ANNOUNCE four Mediterranean voyages de luxe and two West Indies cruises for the winter of nineteen twenty four. Itineraries of unusual scope and attractiveness have resulted from the activities of our experts in the past seven months.

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Sailings: Jan. 5, 16, Feb. 23 and March 6, 1924. Our booklet, "To the Land of Tut-Ankh-Amen," gives fascinating details of these leisurely, luxurious tours to Egypt and Palestine.

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FREE TRIP TO EUROPE will be given an organizer of a small party. Established 1900. BABCOCK'S TOURS, 136 Prospect St., East Orange, N. J.

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Harmonizes travel and study. Rome, Florence, Paris, London. References required. Price includes travel, chaperonage, instruction in language, literature, art and history. Write for prospectus to Miss J. B. HERBERT, Director, 137-A Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Furnished bungalows of various sizes; situated on the foothills among the orange groves, overlooking the sea. Central dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold water. Good tennis court. Six miles from Santa Barbara, two miles from ocean. Booklet. Address MANAGER, San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara.

CONNECTICUT

September in the Berkshires
Spend a week or longer in the Berkshire Hills during cool September days. Many picturesque drives and auto tours; gorgeous coloring of autumn hills; golf course overlooking hills, lakes; tennis, boating, canoeing, bathing, fishing in crystal clear Lake Wonoscopomus; delicious table, home grown vegetables; only 100 miles from New York City; charmingly located between 2 lakes; booklet on request.
Interlaken Inn, Lakeville, Conn.

The Wayside Inn
NEW MILFORD, Litchfield, Co., Conn.
In the foothills of the Berkshires. Open all the year. An ideal place for your summer's rest. 2 hours from New York. Write for booklet.
Mrs. J. E. Castle, Proprietor.

MAINE

The Homestead
BAILEY ISLAND, Maine. Special rates for September, the mouth unsurpassed for beauty in Maine. Illustrated folder.

MASSACHUSETTS

The Aunt Hill LEE, MASS., **in the Berkshires,** offers good country board during **September** and **October** at $15 per week.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
The Leslie
A quiet, cosy little house by the sea. Now open. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 19th season.

Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Our table a specialty. $15-$25 a week.

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The place you've always wanted to know about, where you could rest and enjoy yourself. Boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, horseback riding, mountain climbing. Nights around the camp fire. Private cabins. Address H. C. BEMIS, South Chatham, N. H.

Hotels and Resorts

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Admirably located just off Fifth Avenue in the heart of the shopping and theater district. A quiet, high-class family hotel with comfortably furnished rooms, single or en suite, and the highest grade restaurant service at moderate prices.

The management makes every effort to have guests regard this hotel as a real *home* while in New York.

The hotel is convenient to subway, elevated, and surface lines going to all parts of the city as well as the Fifth Avenue bus line, running the whole length of the world's most famous thoroughfare.

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300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

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Keene Valley Inn, Keene Valley, N. Y.
Adirondack Mts. Rates $18 to $30 per week. 75 rooms. Fresh vegetables, own garden. Tennis, dancing, golf course two miles. Special rates for Sept. W. W. BLOCK, Prop.

FENTON HOUSE and COTTAGES Adirondacks
Altitude 1,571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Write for folder and particulars. C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

Real Estate

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For Sale on Chebeague Island, Casco Bay
7-room furnished cottage, $3,200. 4 bedrooms, 1 could be divided. Large bungalow room, bathroom and kitchen. 2 open fireplaces, running cold water. A piazza and balcony. Apply K. S. B., Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, Me.

FOR SALE, THE BEECHES, Paris Hill, Me. Adapted to summer resort or school. 30 guest rooms, well furnished. White Mt. scenery. Country club, golf, tennis, etc., near. Terms low; $3,000 to $5,000 down. Dr. CHARLOTTE F. HAMMOND.

Country Board

Board and room in comfortable farmhouse for one or two people who wish quiet or who enjoy **Vermont** out of doors in autumn. 379, Outlook.

Gentleman seeking rest from business cares or convalescent can be accommodated at quiet farm home in **Connecticut** during fall. Good food and room, modern improvements, garage room. 393, Outlook.

LADY OWNING HOME IN COUNTRY would board and care for blind lady or semi-invalid. References exchanged. Stonecroft, Route 3, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

RYE NEAR NEW YORK Private family offers exceptional home to paying guest or couple. Convenient to station and clubs. 391, Outlook.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

SEND TODAY for free sample copy of WRITER'S DIGEST, America's greatest magazine for writers. Filled with practical articles by leading writers. Will help you write and sell stories, photoplays, songs, etc. 688 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

BOOK for SALE. Book of Mormon. Palmyra, N. Y., 1830. Address 4,178, Outlook.

"MASTER Key" $2.50. Power of Will, $3. Coué, 50c. All $5. Phipps, 1014 Belmont, Chicago.

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TEACHERS WANTED for public and private schools, colleges, and universities Education Service, Steger Building, Chicago Southern Building, Washington; 1354 Amsterdam Ave., New York.

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HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Christian men and women who can travel, organize, and sell. Bible Lovers League, 211 Boylston Bldg., Chicago.

SALESWOMEN can start as small as desired, and make $50 to $65 weekly. Easy and dignified occupation. If you can handle crew of five sellers, it will bring you $175 each week. Small towns and country agents preferred. Write for proof to The Fumigo Products Co., (B) 422 Riverside St., Lowell Mass.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—A lady of refinement as assistant matron for girls' vacation house, by September 15. Address The Lodge, Farmington Conn.

WANTED—A woman companion willing to assist with sewing and care of two children Location Putnam County, N. Y.; comfortable home; all modern improvements. Permanent position. References required. 4,165, Outlook

MOTHER'S helper, nursery governess lady, educated, Protestant, age 35-40 years for two children, eight and six years. Summit winter, Spring Lake summer. Position permanent. Highest references. Salary $9 4,191, Outlook.

MOTHER'S HELPER—Cheerful, capable worker, under 45, satisfied all-year country living electrified home; care girls 6, 8, sewing general "right hand" to literary and business mother; responsibility and intelligence insisted; one hour out New York City Position September 15-October 1. Write Brands, 4,195, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Teacher of second-year high school subjects in the Connecticut School for *Blind. Address 10 Holcomb St., Hartford* Conn.

GOVERNESS desired for Philadelphia, by middle of September if possible, for three little girls, nine, eight, and six. Must thoroughly understand physical care and be able to teach two of the children spring and autumn while in the country. No sewing necessary. Only highest references considered. Applicant please state experience, nationality, religion, age, and salary expected 4,167, Outlook.

WANTED, September, competent young woman to serve as governess and mother's assistant in modern farm home. School experience in primary grades necessary. Two children. Salary $60. 4,190, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

EXPERIENCED woman desires position as hotel manager, superintendent, or bursar Understands all details. Competent. 4,14 Outlook.

PROFESSIONALLY trained, experienced woman desires position as assistant manager of women's club or tea room. 4,161, Outlook

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WOMAN with executive ability, thoroughly trained in domestic science, budget system, and account keeping, wants position as manager or housekeeper in fraternity house or small club. Address Suite 1, 23 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

REFINED middle-aged woman desires position as housemother in school. Address 4,152, Outlook.

WOMAN of culture, competent to take charge of man's establishment, oversee the upbringing of child, chaperon young girl, etc desires position in high-class home. Associations greatly valued. Credentials furnished S. E., care of Mrs. A. F. Bullis, 234 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—Southern gentlewoman, cultured, capable, desires position as companion managing housekeeper, in home where there are young people. Experienced. Will travel References. 4,134, Outlook.

WANTED, by lady, position of hostess housekeeper (managing), chaperon, or housemother. References. 4,163, Outlook.

REFINED, experienced American, position in school—normal or retarded children or care of delicate child in parents' home References. 4,166, Outlook.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

ENGLISH gentlewoman desires engagement as superintendent (or assistant) of institution, managing housekeeper in private home, or any position of trust. Highest references. 4,170, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER—New England woman, as managing head of home. Long reference. 4,174, Outlook.

COMPANION—Middle-aged refined lady desires position as companion. Superior references. 4,179, Outlook.

REFINED, cultured woman desires position as companion, attendant, assistant matron, or any position of trust in home. 4,194, Outlook.

WANTED, by young lady of refinement, position as traveling companion for the winter months. Good references. 4,188, Outlook.

A very reliable man and wife wish a position in a home or club. Capable of taking full charge, fond of children. References furnished and required. Address 4,187, Outlook.

NURSERY governess, household assistant. Young American Protestant wishes position in family with children over three. Satisfactory New York references. 4,181, Outlook.

EDUCATED young lady wishes position, governess-companion to child; can attend to household accounts, secretarial work, and look after things in general. References. 4,192, Outlook.

COMPANION to invalid or elderly person, by middle-aged man exceptionally qualified by temperament and experience. Educated, traveled, capable secretary. Go anywhere. Reasonable compensation. 4,186, Outlook.

WOMAN of executive ability, competent in the care and management of the home, desires position as companion-secretary. Would travel South or to California with semi-invalid, taking full charge of all business matters. Free to make engagement after October 1. Good references furnished. Address M. S. H., 15 Elliott Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

NURSE, practical, reliable, refined, desires care of invalid, matron institution, day nursery. 4,185, Outlook.

WOMAN executive, experienced in managing housekeeping, wishes position of responsibility in private home. Accustomed to engaging and directing employees, handling correspondence, balancing checking accounts, paying bills, buying and making out menus. 4,180, Outlook.

CULTURED French woman in Providence, R. I., would go as companion-governess a few hours daily. Prefers sick or frail children. 4,184, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN seeks executive companion post in nice home or travel. References. 4,198, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

COLUMBIA law student, former teacher at the Lawrenceville School, will be available this fall for part time employment as companion tutor for boy. Position offering living will be given preference. Excellent references. Write 4,120, Outlook.

YOUNG French woman wants position as governess in American family. Would prefer New England and country. Long experience. Address 4,162, Outlook.

TEACHER, graduate, Christian, desires position in small private school or refined home. Experienced in all grades below high school and in home care of children. French. Excellent references. 4,160, Outlook.

WELL bred, well educated girl, tactful, capable, with knowledge of shorthand and typewriting, desires position as governess or secretary with a family who travel. References. Address Maude Griffith, 219 East Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky.

TEACHER governess, piano also. Unusually fine references. 4,173, Outlook.

GOVERNESS desires position October 1. Kindergarten, primary grades, phonic method. Active, healthy, fine needlewoman, capable packer and traveler. Twelve years' experience in care and training of children. Highest references. 4,182, Outlook.

ARTS and crafts teacher. Woman graduate Pratt Institute desires position in private school or college. 4,189, Outlook.

TEACHER-governess, experienced, good linguist. Backward children thoroughly trained. State salary. 4,193, Outlook.

ENGLISHWOMAN as governess-nurse or useful companion. Competent. 4,197, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Miss Gutinman, 309 West 99th St.

WANTED—Executive headmaster to organize boys' school. Advertisers have property and can finance construction. Address 4,164, Outlook.

HOME offered to boy or girl in family of French Protestant pastor teaching in private school, western Massachusetts. Excellent opportunity to learn French. Best references. 4,168, Outlook.

SOMETHING new! I bring the best New York dramas to shut-ins, convalescents, and aged. Illustrated with beautiful slides. Henry R. Rose, Newark, N. J.

BY THE WAY

CONCERNING a paragraph in this department on page 648 of The Outlook for August 22, which was quoted from the New York "Tribune," a reader says:

> Basil M. Manly in the "Train Dispatcher," Vol. V, No. 8, page 33, says that ". . . one alleged coke-worker had bought an airplane . . . Lowell Mellet . . . went to the coke region . . . and discovered the truth. The general superintendent of one of the coke companies, an Englishman formerly in the air service, had bought an airplane . . . but the real coke-workers . . . are almost in destitution because they lost their strike . . . last year."

Whatever may be the fact about the condition of the "real coke-workers," there was an element of truth, as well as of humor, in the "Tribune's" playful comment on the prosperity of the workmen of to-day, which enables many of them to use such luxuries (?) as flivvers in going to and from their work.

"Ill-health and approaching old age caused Thomas C. Harbaugh, 'Cap. Collier' of dime-novel fame, to auction off his personal belongings, preparatory to going to the Miami County infirmary at Troy, Ohio, but through the efforts of a newspaper friend he will go instead to the Middleton, Maryland, Hospital." So says "The Writer." The item will no doubt interest those who, as boys, may by chance have succumbed in an idle hour to the wiles of "Old Cap. Collier" in one of his numerous stories of crime and mystery.

In a car-building contest in the shops of the Texas and Pacific Railroad at Marshall, Texas, on July 27, the winning crew built a freight car in five hours and fifty-five minutes. Eight crews of four men each participated in the contest. The slowest crew took only six hours and forty minutes to complete their job. And this in Texas, on a July day!

A recent book by an English visitor to America speaks of the great extent of this country and the consequent difficulty on the part of its inhabitants in knowing it comprehensively. "Few Americans," says the author, "can name half a dozen Governors of States." This suggests a summer-porch game: Who can give the largest number of names of Governors? of Senators? of Representatives? Do you know the name of your Representative in Congress? In your State Senate or Assembly? How many Ambassadors to foreign countries can you name? How many members of the President's Cabinet can you name? Can you name four National figures? In answering the last-named question, the book referred to says, the answer of one person included the champion baseball player and Charlie Chaplin!

From the "Woman's Journal:"

Minister's Wife—"Wake up! There are burglars in the house, John." Minister—"Well, what of it? Let them find out their mistake themselves."

"Look at the workmen in industrial establishments and places where building operations are going on, when they are eating their lunches, and you will see each with a pint or a quart bottle of milk by his side. Formerly it was a can of beer." So says a clip-sheet issued by a church board of temperance. It adds that the consumption of milk increased from the wet days of 1917 to the dry days of 1922 in about the proportion of 84 to 102. This is probably a much greater percentage than the normal increase in population in that period.

From "Tit-Bits:"

Father—"Tommy, stop pulling that cat's tail." Tommy—"I'm only holding the tail; the cat's pulling it."

In regard to an item published in this column July 18 concerning the first edition of "Science and Health," for which an advertiser in a daily paper asked $1,000, a subscriber writes that the high price demanded was probably owing to the fact that the first edition of that famous book had been "called in" because of certain mistakes in it, which had been corrected in later editions. Whether this is so or whether a merely sentimental value has attached itself to this edition of "Science and Health," as is common with the first editions of many celebrated books, we do not know. Perhaps some bibliophile can enlighten our readers.

The value of a positive recommendation as contrasted with a negative suggestion is emphasized by the "Railway Age" in quoting the methods of a general manager of the Union Pacific Railroad. His educational bulletins sometimes consisted of a single sentence: "A torpedo would have prevented this accident!" If he had said, the "Railway Age" adds, "A conductor has been dismissed for failure to observe Rule 99," or "for overlooking an opposing train," the announcement would have had little value in comparison.

From "Le Rire," Paris:

"He's a witty lad, don't you think?" "Heavens, no. We both subscribe to the same humorous paper."

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The American Red Cross was established at the home of a Jew?

The Telephone Transmitter, the Gramophone, the Disc Record were invented by an immigrant Jew?

"Home, Sweet Home" was written by the son of a Jewess.

The War Risk Insurance Plan and the War Saving Stamps Idea were devised and given to the American Government by Jews.

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